



The Iris

WARD SEMINARY

1908




THE IRIS

1908







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The Iris .

I wander on o'er hill, o'er field,
Through happy lanes I love so well,
But to an impulse I must yield,
That guides my footsteps to the dell.

There violets lift their modest heads,
The white anemone I see;
The lovely ferns look from their beds—
They seem to softly beckon me.

Yet all these beauties of the wood
Do not exactly satisfy;
I'd like to tell you, if I could,
The something that I long to spy.

At last I know, my heart has told:
An Iris; here it stands alone!
Its lovely banner doth unfold—
I take it, keep it for my own.

And as I wander home again
I clasp it closely to my breast,
Feeling the joy of my great gain.
Of all the flowers, to me 'tis best.

To her, whose tender care
has guided our footsteps from our babyhood days
in the paths of knowledge, love and truth,
the Senior Class of 1908
gratefully dedicates
The Iris



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Ward's Faculty

1908

Truss
Pho.



MISS OLIVE C. ROSS

*With the gratitude of the Senior Class
in recognition of the more intellectual
appreciation of good literature and the
broader outlook on life she has given us*



LITERARY EDITOR



LITERARY EDITOR



BUSINESS MANAGER

ANNE BYRD WARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CHRISTINE CARMACK

BUSINESS MANAGER



ZARA CHAPMAN



MARY SPERRY



MARY C. GIBSON

ART EDITOR



LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE

1908



THUSS - PHOTO

The 1908



Classes

LIPSCOMB.

The Alumnae Association

MRS. BRADLEY WALKER, *President*

MISS MAMIE BURKE, *Treasurer*

MRS. WILL R. MANIER, *Vice-President*

MISS ANNA RUSSELL COLE, *Secretary*

THE Alumnae Association of Ward Seminary began its history in 1890, and since 1897 the Association has been a corporate body with its present form of organization and object. Every graduate of Ward Seminary is entitled to membership and to the privileges of the Association. The work of the Association begins on the last Friday of each October, and at stated intervals during the school year meetings of the organization are held. Each Tuesday of Commencement Week is observed as Alumnae Day, a time set apart for the reunion of former graduates and for the welcoming of the graduating class to membership in the Association. A business meeting is held on the morning of Alumnae Day, usually followed by some social gathering; and in the evening a reception or banquet is given to the graduating class.

The main object of the Alumnae Association is to bring the graduates of the school into a sincere and cordial fellowship, and to continue after graduation the delightful relationships of school life. It also endeavors to uphold the school in some of its many high purposes, and to cherish a feeling of loyalty for all of the school's interests.

The funds of the treasury of the Association are devoted to a scholarship for the benefit of a daughter of a graduate, subject to certain conditions.

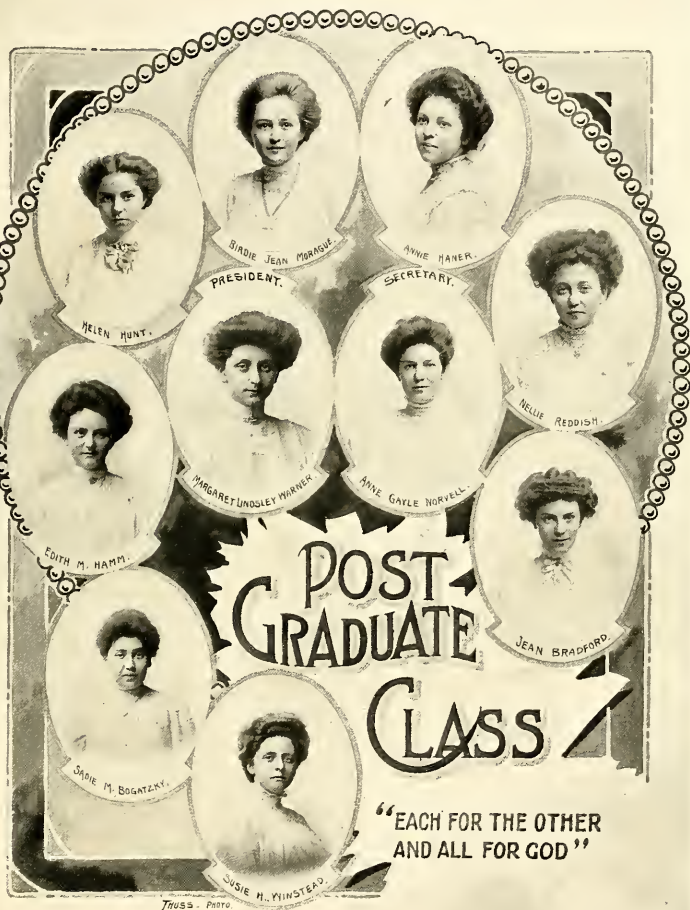
The Post Graduate Class

Officers

MARGARET WARNER *President*
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EDITH HAMM
ANNIE HANER
HELEN HUNT
BIRDIE MORAGNE
ANNE GAYLE NORVELL
NELL REDDISH
MARGARET WARNER
SUE WINSTEAD



Thuss - Photo.



SENIOR

Senior Class

Motto: "To thine own self be true"

Flower: White Rose

Colors: Dark Blue and Gold

Officers

MARY SPERRY *President*

LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE . *Vice-President*

MARY LINDA MANIER . . . *Secretary*

ZARA CHAPMAN *Treasurer*

The Senior Nursery

Listen, oh Freshman, and do not droop your head;
See these wise Seniors and be comforted.
Take heart, although you often act a dunce—
Listen! Cheer up! See! They were all young once.



JENNIE ALEXANDER

Four moons have shone on this maid we learn.
In life she has only a start.
To this early age she would like to return
When called on in History of Art.



LOUISE BENNETT

Louise Bennett you see is a dear little thing,
The belle of the curls and the bows.
She can talk and giggle and laugh and sing,
And never is troubled with woes.



IDA CAMPBELL

This little mite is frightened you see,
She thinks of hard study at Ward's.
Being a Senior! Who wouldn't be?
When diplomas we have to look towards.



CHRISTINE CARMACK

Miss Carmack we've found has a quiet mind,
Tho' active and ready to work;
A soberer maid 'twould be hard to find,
And her duty she never will shirk.





This child in the depths of a velvety chair,
From the far north descended to Nashville,
To manage our business and lighten our care;
And she's good! and not a bit bashful.



ZARA CHAPMAN



Now Emily dear, with her look rather pert,
Is still favoring those all around her
With the same saucy look which stings with-
out hurt;
And we certainly are glad that we found her.



EMILY CRAIG



Before us, with wide, intellectual brow,
A lassie called Iris we see.
Simple and quiet she has been and is now,
But a great mathematician will be.



IRIS FORD



And who do you think this little one is,
This giggling kid with the curl?
She is now "sixteen without any kiss,"
She's the dignified "Gibson Girl."



MARY CORNELIA GIBSON



SARA GOODPASTURE

Did you ever see a more winning child,
With up-to-date beauty and antique name?
In her ways she is gentle and sweet and mild,
Our quiet but sweet Sarah Jane.



CECIL HART

Oh, Cecil, we wonder what your fate will be
When we leave with diplomas in May!
Please don't change your "Hart" for any old
he,
But be true to us always we pray.



ANNIE KINNARD

A Franklin miss now at us looks,
A maid who's both simple and charming.
I'm sure she is fond of deep cozy nooks,
Her effect on the boys is alarming.



HAZELLE LANE

A Yankee baby you see here I think—
In her chin is an indentation;
Her hair is yellow and her cheeks are pink,
And Lane is her appellation.





This babe is Stella, you possibly know
A miss of considerable style.
Her name's hard to rhyme—impossible, so
We'll now let it drop for a while.



STELLA LEETH



This is a likeness of young Miss Manier,
Whose attractiveness is not denied;
She is pretty and sweet and very sincere,
And undoubtedly dignified (?).



MARY LINDA MANIER



Who would think this was Laura McBryde,
This solemn young miss we see here?
She holds her dollie with so much pride
It must seem to her very dear.



LAURA M'BRYDE



She is the youngest of all our class,
But I trust the secret you'll keep;
For "old in her ways" is this wonderful lass,
With her lovers piled up in a heap.



HELEN NELSON



LIDA OMOHUNDRO

You will never guess who's here, I bet!
If you hear her name you will know,
For it is one that you'll never forget—
Here goes: It is Omohundro.



MARIE ROUZER

This little girl so extremely staid
Looks like a dear little mouzer.
To make her smile, I am sore afraid
That we'll have to do something to Rouzer.



NELL SAVAGE

Now here we see our own brilliant Nell,
Her mind is wonderfully strong;
She holds us all quite under a spell
With tales of her travels long.



LOIS SMITH

Little Lois May looks awfully mad,
Something unusual you know;
Her general expression is joyful and glad,
And her spirits never get low.





This bonnie wee lassie we have here displayed
Is our President loyal and true;
She's a dear little, dainty, but hard-working
maid—
I'm crazy about her, aren't you?



MARY SPERRY



It was surely a piece of huge good luck
When we found this picture so winning;
For it is none other than little "Duck,"
Who sends the fellows a-spinning.



LOUISE MARIE STUBBLEFIELD



Martha Washington is no more,
But her namesake here we have still;
To her whose very name we adore
I beseech you your glasses to fill.



MARTHA WASHINGTON TILLMAN



A plump little lady in Hazel we find,
With her dimples and soft little chin,
But in old Louisiana she's one of her kind,
And a heart for her's easy to win.



HAZEL THOMPSON



ORMIE THOMPSON

That this is a flirt, who dares to deny?
 With the smile and roguish brown eyes;
 She leads the men on till for her they would
 die,
 Then stings them, you savey; she's wise.



ANNIE BYRD WARD

This sweet little "Byrd" we all love well;
 Ward she is loyally surnamed.
 All her virtues 'twould be hard to tell,
 But we're sure some day she'll be famed.



FLAVIA WIGGINS

Flavia's name is the hardest to rhyme
 Of any we yet have seen;
 But here's to the girl who is all the time
 In a humor too good for a queen!



OLIVE WIGGINS

This young one hails from Mexico,
 And if you desire to tease her,
 Tell her she looks like Flavia; then
 Call her a Mexican "greaser."



HELEN WRIGHT

Helen, the wise, you have before you,
 Her name sure does suit her al"Wright."
 A dandy teacher she'd make for true,
 She studies with main and with might.



Editorial

IT CANNOT be denied that school spirit is a large factor in our modern educational institutions. Besides being an inspiration for good work and conduct to the individual pupils, it helps to strengthen and build up the school or college. When a girl enters a college where the students are enthusiastic over the college affairs, she naturally begins to think the athletics, the clubs and the by-laws, etc., are the best in the world, consequently, she, with many others, makes her opinions known, and thus the fame of the school spreads.

In our opinion school spirit ought to come before anything else. Personal and Sorority likes and dislikes should not influence any girl when a matter of college importance is being discussed. Each ought to realize that much of the school's high standing depends on the student's loyalty and faithfulness; it forms a tie that lightens the many duties and hours of hard work, that of necessity must be endured throughout the long school year. We may look back with pleasure to the days when we dreamed of doing great things, not only for glory, the glory that would come to us, but for the fame that would be added to our school as well.

Therefore, to keep this enthusiasm ever in the minds and hearts of our girls, we, the Class of 1908, have spent much time and thought in endeavoring to bind into this small volume, the joys, the sorrows, the blunders, and the successes of our student body, in order that in the years to come we may, in reviewing these pages, still feel a great warmth in our hearts, when we remember the many pleasant days we enjoyed during hard study at Ward's.

The Seniors' Alphabet

A

A sturdy old Saxon named ART,
Who in history has played quite a part,
Formed the Round Table
Bad knights to disable,
For which act he is thought very smart.

B

BOBBY was a gay Scottish blade.
He courted every shy Scotch maid.
So handsome and smart
He could win any heart;
But he soon forgot vows that he made.

C

CARLYLE was a writer of force,
He wrote many a learned discourse.
His knowledge of life
Couldn't lose him his wife,
For in those days there was no divorce.

D

DANTE visited—well
You know where the wicked ones dwell.
He saw such a sight
That he sat down to write,
But his book was too gloomy to sell.

E

EMERSON'S a New England codger,
In Concord town he was a lodger.
We look at his work
As something to shirk,
But our teacher's so strict we can't dodge her.

F

FRANKLIN, a young printers' devil,
Quite often was wont to revel;
 He once flew a kite
 And made 'lectric light.
Gee, but Ben's head was level.

G

There was an old duffer named GRAY,
Who never wrote anything gay;
 His Elegy drear
 Has never a peer,
And is very much quoted to-day.

H

HAWTHORNE, as we have been told,
Wrote history both new and old;
 But this clever Nat
 Knew where he was at,
And wrote his old stuff to be sold.

I

Of Ornery Rip we all know,
Who deserted his wife down below,
 While he went to the hills
 To get rid of his bills;
But this was, IRVING says, long ago.

J

DR. JOHNSON was a nifty old sport
Who never was welcomed at court.
 His manners were shocking,
 He was all the time knocking
Society and things of that sort.

K

KEATS was a good-looking chap,
And he kept lovely verses on tap;
His ode on an urn
Was done to a turn,
Though it's lacking in up-to-date snap.

L

Poor LAMB had a sad private life,
For he never did get him a wife;
Yet his essays complete
Show a spirit that's sweet,
With no signs of turmoil and strife.

M

Hail, MILTON, our friend so kind,
Who once on a time became blind;
He made Paradise Lost
At no matter what cost,
But regained it at last, to my mind.

N

Sir Isaac NEWTON, from an apple small
Learned the laws of this terrestrial ball.
The pippin hit his head,
And what Isaac said
Has since then astonished us all.

O

Sure OLIVER'S from the Emerald Isle,
With his book and his flute and his smile;
But his tale of the Vicar,
In parts, makes us snicker,
Though Miss Ross praises loudly its style.

P

A hunch-back and cynic was POPE,
He delighted to sulk and to mope.
 His satire was keen,
 But, at times, far from clean;
He's happier now, let us hope.

Q

QUINTILIAN made a mighty big splash,
In Rome he taught grammar for cash.
 Quint's style was sublime
 And is used at this time,
With maybe a little more dash.

R

A mournful old cuss was ROSETTI,
The gloom in his poems is jetty;
 They couldn't be gay
 For they had quite a stay
In the tomb of his dear Lizzie-Betty.

S

There was an old "pudd" named SPENSER,
If you searched you could find no one denser.
 His old Faerie Queen
 (Is a nightmare, you mean),
In fact, it is lacking in sense, sir.

T

TENNYSON sang of a school
Where they had a very strict rule,
 Forbidding such joys
 As talking to boys;
But the teachers *those* days they could fool.

U

ULYSSES, wearying of home,
Decided he'd like to roam;
 So he sailed far away,
 For ten years and a day,
And his tales fill many a tome.

V

The book which is read most, of VIC's,
Is of Jean and his old candlesticks.
 The others they say
 Are really quite gay,
But those, Miss Ross never picks.

W

WORDSWORTH was Nature's fond lover,
And quite close did he get to our Mother.
 His verses so calm
 Always act as a balm,
And the mem'ry of our troubles do cover.

X

XERXES was a funny old goose,
Who must have been very obtuse.
 When he ordered the sea
 To be flogged lustily,
He said, "For revenge upon Zeus."

Y

Insomnia troubled poor YOUNG;
His "Night Thoughts" abroad he flung.
 They put *us* to sleep,
 Which shows there's a heap
Of change since the time they were sung.

Z

Now ZEUS we are fain to say
Was a little inclined to be gay.
 Fair Hera was jealous,
 Or so the bards tell us,
And many a scrimmage had they.



Junior Class

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Flower: Fleur de lis

Motto: "Be true to Truth"

Officers

GEORGIA HUME	<i>President</i>
ALICE HIBBETT	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMA MORROW ANDERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
BETHA TURNER	<i>Treasurer</i>

From A Junior's Quotation Book

To the Teachers:

"If you were human as you are in show
You would not treat unlucky damsels so."

"To be studious, as this school goes, is to be one girl picked out of ten thousand."

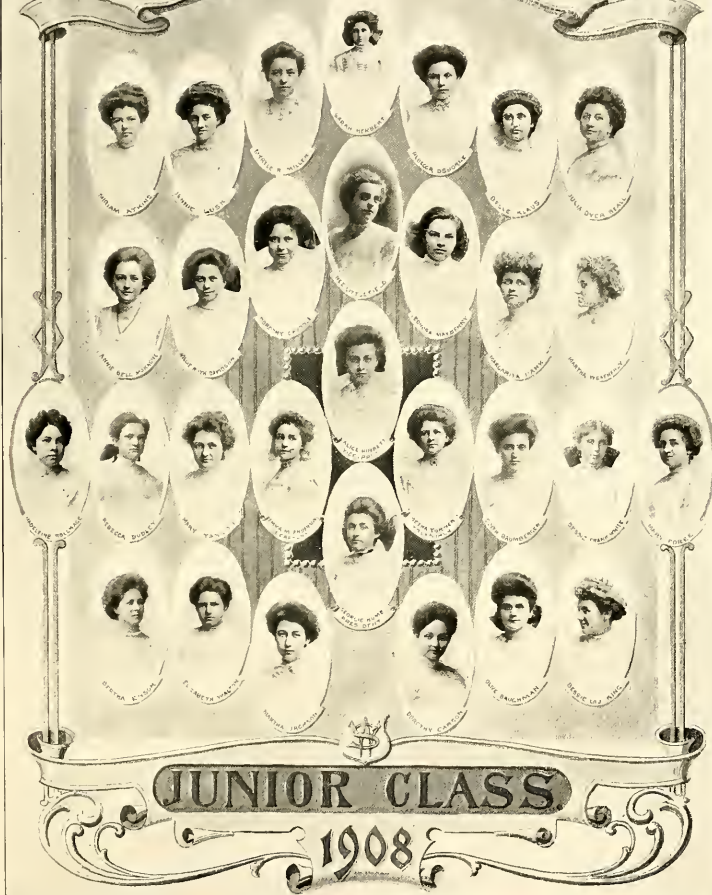
"Show me the steep and thorny way to graduation."

"O, Della, what a falling through was there! "

"Alas, why would you heap these tests on me?
I am unfit for them, and hate them, gee! "

"To starve or not to starve, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in a girl to suffer
The pangs and tortures of a grievous hunger;
Or to slip off with haste to Mrs. Tony,
And there with peanuts end it?
To starve, then die;
No more; and by the death to say we end
The starving and the thousand torturing ills
That we, at Ward's, are heir to, 'tis an end
Devoutly to be wished."

"BE TRUE TO TRUTH."



The Junior Paradise

(GEOMETRY CLASSROOM)

“O THERE goes the bell, that means the destruction of some poor strugglers. Well, anyway, the first propositions are easy, and *surely* she won't get to the last one.”

The class files in slowly and sadly. One glance at Miss Sheppe is sufficient. She has evidently been making some of those discoveries for which she is so famous. She sits, sternly glancing over the propositions. *What* is she planning for our torture?

“These propositions are *hard*. I'm afraid your brains will burst. We will have only the last one put on the board, but first, we will say in the *exact* order in which they come, all of the propositions in the third book. Miss Mayberry, begin.” Miss Mayberry has a very clear idea that it is *something* about a line. As she can remember nothing more definite, Miss Sheppe continues. Miss McClurkan is next; but of course Miss Sheppe skips her, for she well knows that Merle could say every proposition that was ever invented for the torture of the innocent.

Nothing is now heard but “I don't know,” until Miss Benson is reached. Miss Sheppe tells her to “arise and shine,” and shine she does, giving every proposition, and likewise all corollaries.

“That second bench will now go to the board.” Well, that means me, so though I haven't the remotest idea about the proposition, to the board I must go. I can at least draw the figure. After I get the figure on the board I gaze at it for about five minutes; but no inspiration comes to me, so the only thing to do is to rub it out and put it on again. This will at least take up time; besides, that last line is one hundredth of an inch too long, and we all know that “mathematics teaches accuracy.”

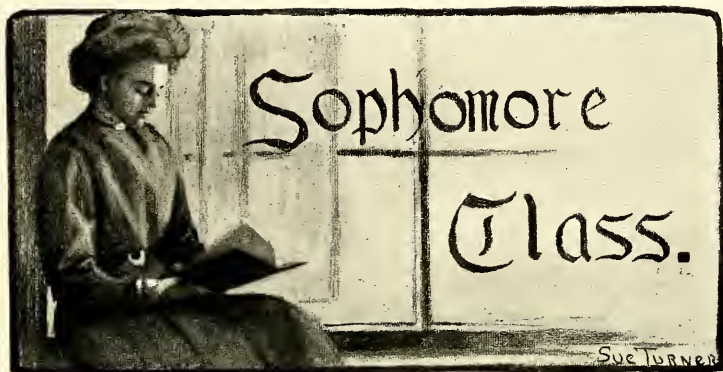
“I've made a discovery,” calls out Miss Sheppe. “The girls will please take their seats. Now, I'll have this proposition talked off.” That is easier said than done, for she begins this side of Miss Benson, and there's no stopping before Miss McClurkan. Purely as a matter of form, and also in order to be parliamentary, Miss Sheppe calls the intervening names. Each time the zero becomes bigger and blacker. At last, in a voice of exquisite sweetness, and with one of those smiles warranted not to come off, Miss Sheppe says “Merle.”

Merle is at the board in one second. Miss Sheppe has drawn the figure, and it is grand, and peculiar. The circle covers about half the board, and in the southeast corner is inscribed a small triangle, looking as if it is as "scared" as we feel; but this phases Miss McClurkan not at all. She grasps the pointer, and without once stopping for breath, gives the proposition, consisting of about ninety-nine steps, without one mistake. Miss McClurkan does not neglect to make an allusion to every proposition we have had, and to a few we haven't had as well.

During all this Miss Sheppe has been bobbing her head so vigorously that we really fear that it will separate from her neck. Whenever she can draw her eyes away from Merle she turns to the class with an expression that says as plainly as words: "O that you were all like unto this."

But at last there's the bell. Why, it sounds louder than usual. The class fades away into the distance.

I will never, never study geometry again at night. This nightmare has been simply fearful.



Colors: Green and Gold

Flower: Jonquil

Motto: "Live up to the best that is in you"

Officers

ELIZABETH THOMPSON	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH McDEARMON	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK	<i>Secretary</i>
EDNA MCCALLEN	<i>Treasurer</i>



The Charge of the Sophomore Grade

I

Half a year, half a year,
Half a year onward,
Into the valley of knowledge
Rode the half hundred.
"Forward, the Sophomore Grade!
Charge for diplomas!" they said.
Into the valley of knowledge
Rode the half hundred.

II

"Forward, the Sophomore Grade!"
Was there a girl dismay'd?
Yes, for the pupils new,
Some of them blundered:
Theirs were tasks hard to get,
Those "awful tests" poorly met,
Just lots of things to make them fret:
Into the valley of knowledge
Rode the half hundred.

III

Books to right of them,
Books to left of them,
Books in front of them,
Books without number;
With books to every side,
Stretching out far and wide—
"Forward!" their teachers cried:
Into the valley of knowledge
Rode the half hundred.

IV

And, when the last tests came,
The Soph'mores made a name;
Then's when they won their fame!
All of Ward's wondered.
They plunged in the questions ten
With paper, ink and pen;
Went to the Junior then—
But—not the half hundred.



One-Minute Biographies of the Sophomores

NAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	TOPIC OF CONVERSATION	HIGHEST AMBITION
RUTH ATKINS	Dressing	Clothes	To be beautiful
ELEN AMBROSE	Talking loud	Lessons	To be a co-ed
AGNES ADELSORF	Laughing	Matrimony	To be in love
SUSIE MAY BEASLEY	Grinning	Florida	To be young
MARGARET CORBETT	Getting thin	Anti-fat	To be slender
ELIZABETH GRAY	Ballet dancing	The stage	To be an actress
EVA HAGAN	Gossiping	Other girls	To be honored
ELAINE JONES	Reading Virgil	Miss Thach	To be like Miss Thach
LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK	Doing nothing	Boys	To be everything
GAY KING	Chewing gum	Everything	To have a good time
MARY LELLEVET	Talking	Elizabeth Thompson	To be like Elizabeth Thompson
GLADYS LINDSAY	Looking pretty	Art	To be a great artist
VIRGINIA LINDSLEY	Working	Latest fads	To be a young lady
NELL LONG	Winking	Cutting algebra	To get through Ward's
EDNA MCCALLEN	Playing basketball	Basketball	To be a basketball coach
RACHEL MOORE	Trying to keep clean	English	To get a letter
ELIZABETH McDEARMON	Having midnight feasts	Midnight feasts	Not to get caught
EVIE HUME NEILLY	Rubbing	Wallace football team	To wear a Wallace pin
ELIZABETH OVERTON	Giggling	Ophelia Palmer	To be dignified
OPHELIA PALMER	Combing her hair	Her hair	To be bad
LAVINIA PICTON	Being an angel	Nothing	To be good
FLORENCE RIDDLE	Skating	Skating-rink	To skate well
HENRIETTA SPERRY	Going to school	School	To go to school forever
MARGARETTE STREET	Showing her dimple	Her dimple	To have two dimples
PORTIA SAVAGE	Being anything but dignified	A trip abroad	To be cute
ELIZABETH SINCLAIR	Cutting classes	The last time she cut a class	To cut a class and not be caught
BELL STROUD	Music	Practicing	To be a music teacher
ELIZABETH THOMPSON	Playing the fool	Little of everything	To be perfect
LINNIE TUCKER	Having the measles	Measles	Not to have measles again
SUE TURNER	Being in the Studio	Trying to draw	To go to Europe
LUCY TILLMAN	Studying for Vassar	Studying	To be a Vassar graduate
EMMA VAUGHN	Latest styles for the hair	Combing hair	To be a hairdresser
VENITA WEARLEY	Studying algebra	Algebra	To teach algebra
ELIZABETH ZARECOR	Latest styles	Going to the dressmaker	To be stylish
VIRGINIA WOOLWINE	Singing	Music	To be a prima donna





Second Freshman Class

Colors: Pink and Green

Flower: Sweet Pea

Motto: "Think of ease, but work on"

Officers

MARY CAMPBELL	President
ALICE FELLOWS	Vice-President
MARY LYLE KILVINGTON	Secretary
KATHERINE LELLYETT	Treasurer



HELEN CLINE



BEATRICE WILLIAMS



MARY LYLE KILVINGTON



ANNE FISHER



ALICE FELLOWS



BETTIE HOOPER TURNER



ANNA KATE CUNNINGHAM



SUE LITTON CAMP

2ND FRESHMAN CLASS.

MOTTO— DO IT NOW, DO IT WELL.



Calvert Bros.
Photo.



First Freshman Class

Colors: Purple and Green

Flower: Violet

Motto: "Be courteous, be true"

Officers

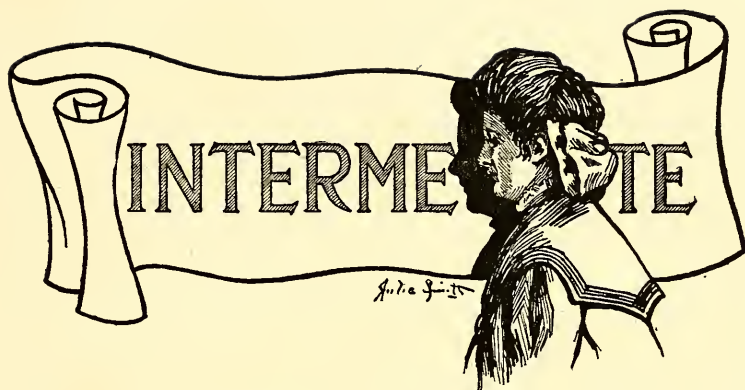
MARY THOMAS WARNER	President
MARIE HOWE	Vice-President
JEAN RIDDLE	Secretary
ELIZABETH RANSOM	Treasurer

A Senior as Seen by a Freshman

"You see that big girl over there,
A'comin' down th' aisle?
I don't pertend to look at her,
'Cause she's a hungry chile.

"She et my sandwichcs and cake
And gave my cheese a chew,
Till I had to lick my candy quick
Or she'd 'a et that too."





Intermediate Class

Colors: White and Blue

Flower: Forget-Me-Not

Motto: "Do it now; do it well"

Officers

KATE E. SAVAGE	<i>President</i>
FRANCES P. STREET	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY LEE CROCKETT	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES E. DORRIS	<i>Treasurer</i>







Primary Class

Colors: White and Blue

Flower: Forget-Me-Not

Motto: "Do it now; do it well"

Members

MARY D. ALLEN	HENRIETTA LINDSLEY
BESSIE MARIE COMBS	LINDA LANDIS
FRANCES CHEELY	ELLINOR McMILLAN
SOPHIA EZELL	HARRIETTE OVERTON
MARTHA FRANKLIN	ANNE READ
GLADYS JENNINGS	FRANCES RIDLEY
MARTHA LINDSAY	LILLIAN WARNER
MARY WHEELER	



What a Girl May Hope to Gain From a College Education

PERHAPS there is no other word in the English language which is so full of promise to the American girl of to-day as the word "College." In what this one word signifies she may find the realization of her noblest ambitions and the satisfying of her highest desires.

If the question had been asked years ago, "What may a girl hope to gain from College?" it would have been thought unworthy of consideration and would have been passed unnoticed, for according to the general opinion of that time she would not only gain nothing but would even become unfitted for her duties in life. However, this idea is no longer held, for as the nation has grown and developed so have the thoughts of the people. From the very beginning of a college life a girl is benefitted, for she soon learns that the highest standard is required in all things and that she must bring forth the best that her nature contains. Her ambition is aroused by the environment and the common desire and purpose of the student body causes her to feel that she has at last found what she had perhaps failed to discover in all of her former school experiences, the real value and charm of learning.

When it becomes known that a girl is going to college, many of her friends mournfully shake their heads and declare that she is wilfully casting away all of the pleasure a young girl should have and that she will come from college a dissatisfied woman, caring only for historical dates and other things equally absurd. However, if the friends only knew of the college sports, they would not say that by going a girl loses all the pleasure due her, for there is nothing which so greatly arouses the interest of the students and also the college spirit as does the college athletics. The games are also very helpful in developing both the mind and the body.

This wonderful college spirit, of which we hear so much, is the means of bringing about social equality. The very best minds of the age are there, and position is granted only for learning, not for wealth, and so this strong spirit of equality places all on an equal and a friendly basis. Perhaps it is because of this that such wonderful and lasting friendships are so often formed. How unfavorably does a friendship formed in the social world compare with one formed at college! The society woman chooses her friends with a view to the power she may gain through their influence, but the truly educated woman judges not by outward appearances but by inward worth. In fact, a college woman becomes so broadened that she is able to regard all phases of life with a truer and more sympathetic understanding. She soon learns that she must meet bravely all of her trials in life, and that no matter in what circumstances she finds herself, she must willingly and cheerfully put forth her noblest efforts for the good of herself and of others. Indeed, it is in college that the greatest

lesson of unselfishness is taught, for the girl is able to understand from the history of past ages that the individual is not so much considered except by the duty she owes mankind. So perhaps the moral development is as great as the mental, for she gains a better control of self, becomes stronger and more self-reliant and, above all, is able to understand better man's possibilities and God's greatness.

Some say that more can be learned of real life from living in it and not from college. This is partly true, but first let us strive to gain the highest ideal of life and set it in the world as a standard for others. It is not true, as has often been stated, that an extensive education tends to destroy a woman's tenderest feelings, but on the contrary it brings out and strengthens her best qualities, thus enabling her to make wider her power of influencing, and to aid mankind the better. So as "Help to others" is the watchword of the day, let the cry ring straight to the heart of every true American girl of the need, necessity and, above all, great value of a college education!



College Preparatory Class

Colors: Red and White

Flower: Red Carnation

Motto: "Get wisdom; get understanding"

Members

FLORENCE MOORE

LOUISE WICKLIFFE

EMMA ANDERSON

MARY JULIA STREET

MARGARET MOORE

ANNA SMITH

Certificate Class

Colors: Green and White

Flower: White Rose

Motto: "Speak fitly or be silent wisely"

Officers

LEILA WILSON	<i>President</i>
MARGARETTE BARNETTE	<i>Secretary</i>
WILLIE NAPIER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll of 1907-1908

LUCILE E. ALLEN

MARCIA C. LIPSCOMB

REBECCA BAIRD

WILHELMINA LITTERER

MARGARETTE BARNETTE

VIRGINIA LESUEUR

JANE ECHOLS

MARIAN MCTYEIRE

EDITH HAMM

WILLIE NAPIER

JANIE HARRIS

LEILA WILSON

RACHEL B. HOWELL

MYRTIS WOODLEY



SECRETARY

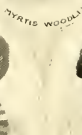
PRESIDENT

TREASURER

MARGARETTE BARNETT

LEILA WILSON

WILLIE NAPLES



"SPEAK FITLY OR BE
SILENT WISELY"

SENIOR CERTIFICATE GLASS

Noted



Musée

R. BAIRD

Graduates in Music

Graduate in Violin

LUCIE VAN VALKENBURGH

Graduates in Voice

MINNIE LEE NOLEN
ANNIE ELIZABETH SULLIVAN

Certificate Pupils in Voice

AMELIA TIGERT
SADIE TRUITT

Harmony

ELIZABETH CALDWELL

NOT the mathematics of music, dealing with intervals, inversions, and the like, but a few words about "The eternal fitness of things" in music. The old Greek dramatists insisted upon three rules in acting, which were as the laws of the Medes and Persians; "Unity of time, unity of place, unity of action." Another great dramatist said: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;" and again, "Things done well and with a care exempt themselves from fear; things done without example in their issue are to be feared." A higher authority still says: "Let all things be done decently and in order;" and if this be true of every other department, of every other relation in life, it is certainly true of the arts, and, of all arts, most true of music. Here, lack of proportion, discrepancies, discords one should not expect to find. In all music, and in the musical life, the whole should be "mixed with sympathy and united by the finest threads of thought." Why should a devotional hymn be set to the most trivial music? Why should a solemn and impressive church service be marred at its close by a postlude of a most noisy and irreverent character? All church music should be devotional; the prelude, voluntary, hymn, etc., should pulsate with praise and thanksgiving, and the postlude should be in harmony with the preceding service, so as to dismiss the congregation quietly and reverently.

At the concert or opera why should it be considered the proper thing for performers to give for encores selections utterly at variance with the spirit invoked by their first effort? Why give encores at all? And as to curtain recalls, we are grateful that a few of our leading artists are taking a stand against them, and resolutely refuse to *die* one moment on the stage, and then bow, smirk and smile before the curtain the next! Concert programs too often offend good taste with a salmagundi of selections—classics, modern, popular—with perhaps a Beethoven sonata close neighbor to a negro melody.

At Beireuth, probably the best constructed opera house in the world, there are no encores, no curtain calls; the orchestra is sunk out of sight; there is absolutely nothing to attract attention from the music; everything is subservient to art. Public reading (pardon the digression) is often marred by a manner out of harmony with the sentiment of the selection read. We have recently heard "The Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling (pronounced by competent critics the best short poem since Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"), read with a high-pitched voice, elaborate gesticulation, and a generally frivolous manner. It takes a good voice and fine feeling to render aright that solemn reiteration,

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

The old masters had this sixth sense, if it may so be called, in a remarkable degree. Handel is said to have *sworn roundly* at a singer in one of his oratorios because she sang irreverently! And our own Lowell Mason (peace to his gentle soul) was once conducting a rehearsal of the choruses in "The Messiah" when he was greatly annoyed by the lack of feeling displayed by the singers. Finally, when they reached the lines, "Behold The Lamb of God," he laid down his baton, told them the story of the Passion with such intense feeling that the class was affected to tears; then they sang like an act of worship and closed with prayer. It is also stated that after some of his oratorio evenings in the old Academy of Music in Boston, the audience left the building as silently as if they were leaving church. What a contrast to the conduct in some churches at the present day, where the congregation laugh and chatter at the close of service as if they had just left the comic opera!

We have very much in evidence among us, the musician with brilliant technique, the musician with some musical feeling, and, occasionally, in a third, these two qualities combined, but with a lack of general intelligence and broad culture. May we not hope some day to have many musicians who combine all of these desirable qualities in an harmonious whole?





Domestic Science Class

MRS. HERBRICK, Instructor

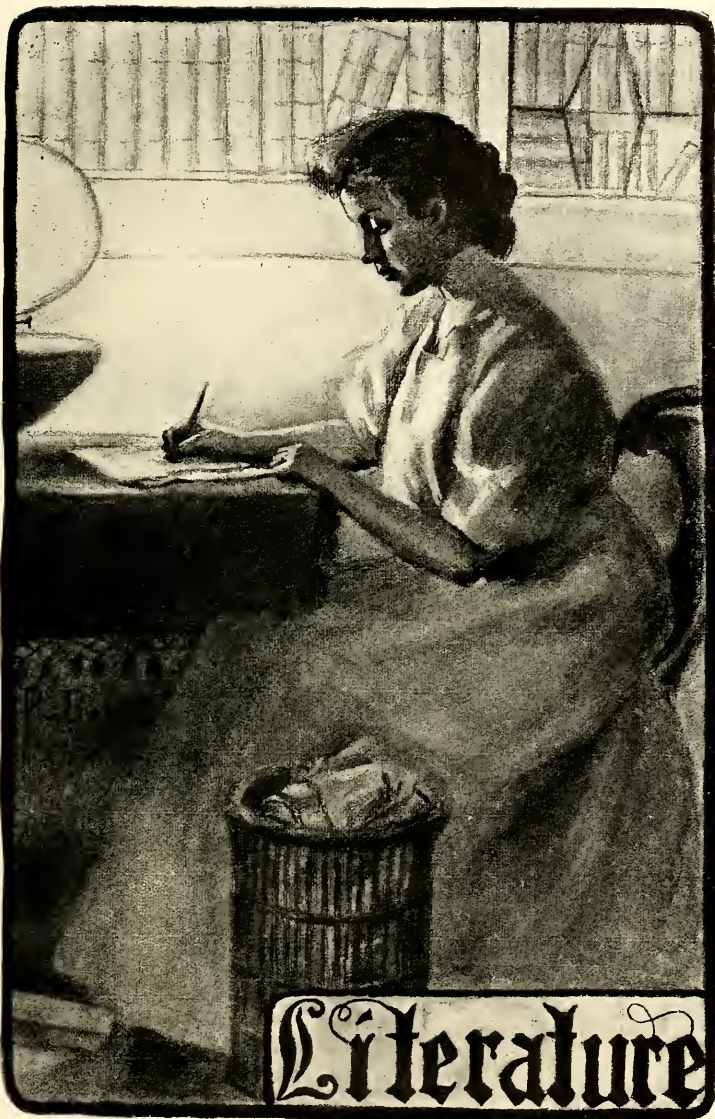
Members

ZOE MILLER	ALICE HIBBETT
BERTHA BUTLER	CLARE MILLER
STELLA BALL	ADA DEAN
BEULAH MASSEY	" HAZEL HAWKINS
LADY HOLLIDAY	MARY HOLLINS
TUCHIE VAUGHN	MARY HENDERSON
GEORGIE HUME	BERTHA BURKE
DOROTHY CRIDDLE	HAZEL THOMPSON

ORMIE THOMPSON



1904
Phot.



The Tenth Anniversary of "The Iris"

ONE day, just ten years ago, in the spring of 1898, a beautiful little flower was discovered in the lovely land of knowledge and girlhood, a dainty little thing, sweet, modest and unassuming, yet the object of as much love, care and labor as the most highly cultivated flower that ever was forced to bloom. A little maid found it, and she with a few of her schoolmates carefully tended it, watched over it, gave it protection and all that would promote its growth, until at last, much to their delight it blossomed out in all its beauty, disclosing to the bright world the result of all the painstaking attention that had been given it, and breathing out to those who could understand, in its fragrance and rich colors, all the ambitions and failures, joys and woes with which these same little women had nurtured it. They could hardly think of anything to call it, and finally decided to give it, too, the name of their favorite flower, the lovely, queen-like, Iris.

For ten years it has been tenderly cared for, each year showing change in markings, coloring and velvety texture. She who discovered it has long ago left the land of her girlhood and gone to the far away Sunrise Kingdom, to take spiritual light to that sunny land of irises and cherry blossoms. But she has not gone alone. Listen! She, too, once fell a victim to the darts of Cupid, and before leaving became the bride of Walter Nance and sailed away to be his help-mate. Her companions, too, have scattered, and those who followed. Some are teaching, some are popular society belles, and still others are now being good little wives; but none, no one we know, has ever forgotten her school days or the Iris, and on its tenth anniversary it wishes to express its gratitude to former friends, and those who have enjoyed the fruit of their labor have not forgotten to whom thanks are due, and wish to extend to the former Iris staffs, wherever they may be, the best wishes and congratulations on the success of the work that they began. So, clinking our glasses, let us drink the toast, "Long live the Iris; and for many years may it flourish and grow in beauty and charm, aided as it has been in the past by the willing service and sympathetic interest of the Ward Girls.

"La Belle Dame sans Merci"

(With the humblest apologies to Keats)

When we fail to act right, and quake with affright,
And we strive hard our teachers to blind;
We make up an excuse, but what is the use?
For mercy is not to her mind.

Her name may be "Belle," but we all know too well
No beautiful smile will appear
If we, with our badness, do drive her to madness,
I'm 'fraid she'll not think us so dear.

In days of bold knights, of jousts, and of fights
Twixt mailed warriors for damsels so fair,
This unmerciful Dame would have looked on the same
And have flung her glove down as a dare.

A brave heart, and strong hand, and a will to command
Are needed where her rule hath sway.
Youth is rash, though so sweet, and needs that its feet
Be guided along the right way.

And when the day's done and by her are none
That may read that spirit so brave,
I'll warrant she's seeking some new way of keeping
Us girls from the mischief we crave.

Perhaps when we feel for our sins we should kneel,
It is well we should tremble and pale—
It is well we should fear that vengeance is near—
So, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," all hail!

The Sun's Discovery at The Murphy Place

The Sun, that bright September day,
Rose wondering at the schoolgirls' play,
Wondering at the sight he saw,
A sight he'd never seen before.
From whence could all these children come,
Frisking about the Murphy home?
Whence did they come, and why and how?
He took a cloud and mopped his brow.
The sweat was streaming off the Sun,
So puzzled had that orb become.
But as he searched and racked his mind,
Swiftly borne upon the wind,
The one word "Ward's," quite low and clear,
Fell on his understanding ear.
Said he, "I'm absolutely sure
I've heard that curious word before;
Borne by silvery voices, oft
That name has reached me high aloft,
But never could I pierce that cloak
Of dense o'erhanging Nashville smoke.
So this is what I might have seen
If those thick clouds had never been!
I really was an awful goose
To pass so often over Spruce,
To hear, with more and more surprise,
That throb of busy gossip, rise
From every spot, from whence arose
Such prayers for candy, flowers and beaux;
And all this long time not to know
Who it was that dwelt below.
Not to know it was a school.
Dear me! I have become a fool!
What a chance my rays have missed,
What dainty lips they might have kissed;
But I think I'd take a bet,
That they'll make up for lost time yet!"

“What Could She Not Do?”

OUR village was the very simplest and prettiest little village in all of Illinois. We were innocent and unsophisticated country people. We had our general store, kept by old Jake Wagoner, and there you could get anything pretty much from a pair of shoes to a tin pan. Besides that, we had a postoffice, and Si Whitcome was postmaster, and say! For memory that man couldn't be beat! He could tell you every letter, paper and postal that had been through his hands fur months back. Then Bill Jenkins had the agency from a house that sold agricultural implements; and you must admit we were about as well fixed as any leetle place you ever heard of.

But I'm ramblin'. I jest started out to tell you about Matty Wagoner. She was one of the prettiest, sweetest and quietest leetle girls in all the place. One of these slim, blue-eyed, light-haired, timid kind that get anything they want. Matty was Jake's only child, and they jest humored her to death. So that's why, when Matty heard of that school down in Tennessee, she went.

At first her letters were a source of information to the whole village, all about the grand things she was a seein', and the places she was goin' to, and everything; how they did this and how they did that down there, and her pa and ma was pleased to death about her. She always signed her letters "Your affectionate and obedient daughter, Mat."

Well, this lasted about three months, I reckon, and then they came fewer and farther between. They were shorter and they didn't say much now except "I am in a hurry now, am goin' out tonight. Please send my allowance on time, because I'm nearly out of money," and they were signed "Lovingly, Mattie." It kept on in this way until by May there really wasn't much more'n "Dear Mother," signed "Matilda," to her letters. But when she came home, then was the excitement! Her pretty yellow hair was piled on top of her head with puffs and curls, in sech a fashion that I felt like holdin' up my hand to ketch it if it fell off. And what a figure she had! And from then on it was understood that her name was "Matilda." Why it made the rest of our girls look like washwomen,

but girls are mighty swift to ketch on, and it wasn't a month before all the feminine portion of the burg had puffs on their hair, and bows at their necks that looked like full blown sails. The length of their waists, too, had increased considerable, bein' half way to their knees.

Now, if you wanted a good laugh, all you had to do was to put one of the boys in the midst of our "new" girls, and for awkward embarrassment he couldn't be beat this side of the Mississippi, or the other either, for that matter. Things certainly did change some at her house, too. She insisted on havin' "lunch at noon," and that "served in courses," with soup for the first course, and more other changes, that I can't remember them all real well.

Now don't think that "Matilda" wasn't nice any more, 'cause she was jest as sweet and maybe a leetle prettier.

Another thing that looked perticular suspicious to us all was those letters that came every day, never missed a day all summer long, and the hand writin' looked mighty mannish, to us.

Well, when Matilda went back again, things settled back into the same old rut, everything bein' quiet and peaceful; no, 'twasn't quite the same neither, for old Jake got a new line of hair-goods, which mighty near took our breath away, and a new line of ribbins, too, but we got uſt to 'em in time.

But the end of the second year was the climax! She came back "Matilda Maria" this time, and what d' yer think! Her hair was piled still a leetle higher! She had a whole lot more self confidence, and was jest a trifle prouder—but mind you, jest as sweet as ever. This time there was a diamond ring a sparklin' on her left hand, and she hadn't been home more'n a week when one of them city fellers come down.

Now girls may be quick, but it sure didn't take our boys very long to get some baggy pants, roll 'em up at the bottom, and show off them bright-colored socks, some hats slapped up in front and some long, half-fittin' coats.

Well, "Matilda Maria" got married that summer, and now folks don't have to go very far to see New York on a small scale. Least-ways that's how I look at it.

A Plea From Suffering Maidens

What dire events some cruel chances bring!
What mournful ends from unknown causes spring!
This poor attempt is to the Iris due;
This even the faculty perchance may view.
Slight is the subject but not so the praise
If Ward's inspire, the Staff approve my lays.

Say, Iris, O what hard and cruel hate,
Or worse, what pure indifference to our fate
Could cause those guardian sylphs, untiring elves,
To leave these hapless lassies to themselves?
Fair flower it has been your tender care,
In Maytime, when you blossom, O, so fair,
To take within your tender knowing heart
(For now we, too, are willing to believe
That surely you enjoy the air you breathe)
The deepest tho'ts, hopes, joys and heartfelt woes,
The needs of Ward's that fain would find repose.
If sometime, in your quiet shady dell,
Where all the little fairies know full well
Their nightly revels have an added charm,
With one so fair near by to banish harm,
That little sprite should pass, sylph, what you will,
That airy being known as Ariel,
Captain of hosts of beings full of power,
Or rather loving service. Every hour
The once great beauty, fair and sweet Belinda,
Had small attendants waiting to defend her,
To keep her beauty fresh as early dew,
And brought her crowds of suitors there to woo.
O, if he passes, tell him of our woes,
We'll gladly get along without the beaux!
A word of warning now and then we ask
When we are prone to leave undone a task,
A little twinge that Conscience ought to give,
Tho', poor thing, it is doing well to live
In days so full of work we sadly fear,
This warning word would save us many a tear.
A firm restraining hand to flying locks,
Some magic way to mend our torn frocks,
A way of capturing wayward little puffs
And calming down the "Merry Widow" fluffs;
Of keeping hid the rats and all of that
And holding on the still increasing hat.
But our petitions now do grow too long,
Ariel will grow weary of our song.
So pray present our plea as best you can,
Give him our love with kindest wishes, and
Tell him if he a welcome does look towards
To come in all haste right straight on to Ward's,
And we will grateful tributes bring to you,
Together with our love, sincere and true.

The Independence of Katherine

KATHERINE RANDOLPH HARRISON, the young and very pretty head of the English Department at St. Hilda's School for Young Ladies, Boise, Idaho, laid aside her interesting book on Sociology with a sigh and a pucker of her pretty brow.

"Come," she called.

"A letter for you, Miss Harrison."

Katherine opened the letter with a tender deprecatory smile. Of course she had expected it because every year on the twenty-second of May she received a proposal from Billy—ever since that twenty-second of May four years ago when she was eighteen and just through her Sophomore year at college. This year it was short, but to exactly the same point, as usual.

"DEAR: All the words I could put together would come to just the same thing. I love you and I want you and I am, Yours always,
BILLY."

As annually, Katherine shed many tears, and then wrote a long letter to Mr. William Carrington Renshaw, 618 East Kranklin Street, Richmond, Va.

"DEAR BILLY: I just can't help it. I don't care a bit that way. This year in Idaho has made me want to see all you dear, home, God's country people more than I can say. There've been many, many times when I've longed for one of our good old larks together, like that sail on North River, or that crazy ride in the rain last summer. But it's just the jolly comrade I've wanted, never the lover in you, Billy. You know that always makes me feel 'creepy.'

"It seems to me all my ideas have changed since I've been here. I came out such an effete, arrogant, superior Easterner, bound hand and foot and brain by caste traditions and myths about birth and social standing—all that Virginia rubbish. Because it is rubbish, you know. You would realize that if you could be here and see how no man is born to social position, but makes his own place in society and stands on his own merits—and money. How they laugh at my accounts of Virginia aristocracy! They simply can't take it in.

"No, I've not fallen in love with anybody out here. I really don't care for the men I have met. They are either very crude or else so carefully externalized that they have to move cautiously for fear of cracking their veneer. In neither case do they attract me.

"It isn't man, or men, Billy. This vivid, living West has made me want more than ever experiences and *life, life, life*. Marriage to anybody appeals to me as terribly, dreadfully humdrum. I don't want to be taken care of, because I am perfectly able to take care of myself. I adore my independence. I'd be about as pleasant to live with as an unbroken broncho. There is nothing sweet, or feminine, or clinging, or tendrilly about me. You know it takes magic curlers to make tendrils in my hair, and I believe it would take nothing short of magic to put one into my nature. And you know, Billy, that's the sort of girl you ought to marry. Just sweet and sympathetic and dear. I'm horrid and independent and unresponsive to the love of the nicest, finest, dandiest friend a

girl ever had. So, please, Billy, never, never, write to me again and forget about me to love me, but remember to think of me as just another jolly good fellow; won't you? Meanwhile, find that other girl who is all I am not and just the girl for you.

"I've been so much interested in sociology lately, and am reading quite a charming book of the experiences of a man who left his wealthy home without a penny in his pocket and went out as an unskilled laborer. You ought to read it.

"Oh, Billy, that's another thing! We never could get on together: we don't like the same books. I adore Browning, you parody him. Then, too, I love music and it fairly tortures you. Don't you see we wouldn't fit at all?

"I shan't be home for several weeks yet as I am going to stop in Michigan. They tell me your new auto is a beauty. It must be great fun. Who goes with you on your spins? Some nice girl, I hope.

"Give my love to Bess and Violet, and remember that I am,

"Always, your very sincere friend,

"KATHERINE RANDOLPH HARRISON."

Billy's reply was succinctly characteristic:

"No, I don't love Browning or music, but I do love you. Get all the life you want. You can't live enough to outlive my love. THE SAME BILLY."

Two weeks later, Mr. William Carrington Renshaw received another letter, in Katherine's somewhat exuberant handwriting. It was dated from Lakeside Hotel, Lakeside, Michigan, and ran thus:

"DEAR BILLY: I shall be home one day after you get this, but because it is easier to write some things than to tell them, I am sending you this epistle of my doings. No one else shall *ever* know, and you'd never guess what I have done since I left St. Hilda's. I wanted experiences. I have had them. I applied for and secured a position as waitress in this big summer hotel, because I wanted to know what it would be like to be a servant. I had a feeling that all the glamour of a princess in disguise would attend my adventure. It did not. Words cannot express my physical weariness. I have worked as I never dreamed of working. I have ached in every square inch of me. Worse than that, I have had as associates vulgar, underbred maids, who did not know themselves vulgar or underbred, and hated me for my 'fine airs.' Worst of all, I have endured the arrogance of women and the insolence of men. This morning a big, vulgar, over-fed, over-rich *creature* passed me in the hall. 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' he quoted, and *chucked me under the chin!*

"I'm coming home, home, home, Billy, and it's my first and last sociological experiment. Social equality? Never! You will find me the most incorrigible nose-in-the-air aristocrat that ever breathed. Nothing in all arrogant Virginia can touch me. I've been a little idiot, all kinds of an idiot, but I reckon I'll never commit this particular form of idiocy again.

"Yours, sadder and wiser,

"KATHERINE.

"P. S.—Can you get off long enough to help me change trains in Richmond, at eleven thirty Tuesday morning? K. R. H.

"P. P. S.—You needn't bother about that other girl just yet.

"K."

Spring

A dancing sunbeam came my way,
It laughed with a thousand smiles,
It scattered rays of shining gold
For miles and miles and miles.
It lit the landscape in the west,
It burnished hills of blue;
It showed me diamonds in the grass,
Tiny rainbows in the dew.

Ah! Mother Earth, you've caught the spell,
Whence come those daffodils?
That little mist of early morn
Has vanished from your hills.
Bright flowers nodding to the breeze
Have caught the sun's own gold,
And red buds on the maple trees
No longer fear the cold.

That tiny songster on the bough
Is glad that he may sing,
For the red bird's soul is happiness
In days of balmy spring.
Ah! Nature's little music-box,
Little warbler in the tree,
Sing once again that gurgling song,
Leave that melody with me.

"Blue, blue is the azure sky,
Nature is rippling and laughing in song,
Birds are singing, streams bubbling,
Flowers growing all day long.
Breezes are wooing the buds into bloom,
Sunshine is falling in golden streams,
Earth is awak'ning from winter's sleep
To see the visions of her dreams."

Midwinter-Day's Dream

(With sincerest apologies to Shakespeare)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN DIELL BLANTON, <i>Great High Director.</i>	}	<i>Faculty.</i>	SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN,	} <i>Active Characters.</i>
BELLE JENNINGS, <i>Honored Principal.</i>				
OLIVE ROSS, <i>Lover of Classics.</i>				
ELIZABETH GREEN, <i>Historian.</i>				
HELEN THACH, <i>Latin Scholar.</i>				
LAURA SHEPPE, <i>Mathematician.</i>				
CAROLYNE LEAVELL, <i>Astronomer.</i>				
LOUISE JACCARD, <i>French.</i>				
ANNA ESSINGER, <i>German.</i>				
LAMIRA GOODWIN, <i>Artist.</i>				
ANNIE TILLET, <i>Mythology.</i>				
<i>Musicians.</i>				
<i>Singers.</i>				

SCENE: WARD SEMINARY, *prominent in Nashville, Tennessee.*

ACT I.

SCENE I: WARD SEMINARY. *The Chapel. Time: 8:30 a. m.*

SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN in evidence. HONORED PRINCIPAL presiding.

Enter GREAT HIGH DIRECTOR, carrying a ponderous volume, followed by FACULTY. Grand march to rostrum. All are seated save GREAT HIGH DIRECTOR, who stands, thoughtfully turns the leaves of his volume, then casts his eyes over the surging crowd below, and immediately death-like silence reigns.

G. H. D. Now, fair young ladies, our service hour
Draws on apace: four boisterous minutes are gone
Because of you; but now methinks the noise
Has surely ceased, and to the Holy Book we'll turn our thoughts.

H. P. Excuse me, sir, perhaps a word
Of warning would be wise before you read.
If strict attention is not paid to you
And to the reading of the Holy Book
No lunch shall these young ladies enjoy to-day.
Four minutes are already off the time,
And to these will be added thirty-four
If necessary, so they'd best take care.

G. H. D. Wise words our Honored Principal hath said
And to them there is nothing I can add,
And now a holy passage shall I read.

[*Reads*] "Let the words that cometh from our mouths
And the meditations of our hearts"—
He pauses, for a murmur through the room
Rises aloft. The Faculty dost hear!

Sen., Jun., Alas! How oft and oft these words are read.

Soph., Fresh. Forsooth ere now they should be known by heart—
The Great Director frowns a mighty frown,
But quickly turns—another passage finds.
He sayeth a prayer—the services are o'er.

SCENE II: *The same.*

SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN prepare to go to classrooms. HONORED PRINCIPAL taps the bell, and the school rises.

H. P. Pause you a moment, girls, and listen all.
A whisper and a laugh I hear full well.
Stop you the girls who maketh so much noise,
And to my eighth period class they'll present be.
I'll tell them that which they have never heard,
That speaking 'twixt the periods is not allowed.
The Seniors know ere now they are examples,
And what they do the rest will think correct.
And now to classes: see if you can go
More quietly, let not this leave your minds.

Exit all save those who have no classes, and therefore remain in the Chapel. HONORED PRINCIPAL addresses these in commanding tones:

H. P. Young ladies, keep your seats this period through.
No one must I see rise up from off her seat:
And if one does, back to her seat she'll go.
You think you needs must ever promenade.
[*Aside*] Ah! All is quiet, what bliss I do enjoy!
For one full day of such, I sigh for aye—
Before these words had scarcely left her lips
A Freshman, who too quiet thinks she's been,
Lifts now her voice, and loud and long laughs she.
Up rose our Honored Principal with state.
A look so full of menace casts she 'round
That Freshman thinks forsooth her hour hath come,
And cowardly doth crouch into her seat.
But doth our Honored Principal mistake?
Not she, she ever knoweth the guilty one;
And with her right hand raised she pointeth out
The shivering Freshman, and thus speaks to her:

H. P. [*sarcastically*] That fair young lady who knows not where she is
May come to me, and I'll remind her oft;
And she may tell what so amuseth her
That I may laugh, and so enjoy myself.

[*Commandingly*] Bring every book, and leave not one behind,
And to the rostrum come, and quickly too.

The Freshman comes with drooping head and eyes,
And on the rostrum she is made to sit
Indefinitely, back turned to the girls.
Our Honored Principal looks toward the clock,
Then quickly rises, presseth hard the bells.
This period has ended none too soon.

SCENE III: *On the gallery.*

Enter HONORED PRINCIPAL. Girls scatter.

H. P. How now, girls! Whither wander you?
[*Aside, in an exasperated manner*]
Over gallery, over stairs,
Over roof-gardens, over court,
Some alone, and some in pairs,
Some a long way, some a short.
They do wander everywhere!

HONORED PRINCIPAL sees a floating figure and quickly follows the flying skirts.

H. P. [*aside*] Either I mistake your shape and making quite
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish one;
Are you not she who troubleth me so oft?
I'll soon find out although so swift you be.
[Captures girl and brings her back triumphantly.]

H. P. [*to victim*] How can'st thou thus, for shame, Virginia?
How oft I do reprove you, who can tell?
Methinks ere now you surely must obey,
For, oh how weary am I of your pranks!

With drooping eyes Virginia is led
Back to the Chapel—on the rostrum stands
There as a warning to the other girls.
And now a secret shall I tell to you;
Repeat it not, or I'll ne'er tell you more.
Methinks thereafter quietly she walked!

SCENE IV: *Literature Classroom.*

SENIORS consult LOVER OF CLASSICS. All rush in like a whirlwind, with much laughter and whispering. LOVER OF CLASSICS rises sternly, and thus quiets the tumult:

L. of C. See here, girls, the noise must stop this instant!
I fear I needs must make a new, strict rule.
Hereafter when you step into this room
No word or laughter shall I hear from you.
See what I mean? I must have order, girls.

The Seniors quiet now, remorse do feel,
For her they do respect and love full well,
And seldom doth she speak in tones so stern.
When she doth, they know they well deserve it,
So with downcast eyes they wait her bidding.

L. of C. Are we all met? I fear me some do lag.
I'll put them down upon my absent list;
If they report, then trouble will be saved;
If they do not, I'm sorry for them, girls.
And now no more delay for time is dear.
Your topics for to-day, be well prepared.

LOVER OF CLASSICS pulls down the light, turns it on, pushes it back, and turns it off again.

L. of C. Miss Bruce, the eighteenth century life and change.

Miss B. [*smothering a laugh*] I do most greatly fear I'm not prepared.

L. of C. Miss Jenkins then, be quick the time is short.

Miss J. [*boldly*] Forsooth I've been most sick nigh unto death;
Our worthy doctor thinks that I should rest;
Therefore, I dare not do what he forbids,
And so my books upon a shelf repose.

L. of C. [*desperately*] Enough! Who then does know her lit'rature?

A multitude of hands are raised, and in spite of the discouraging beginning the SENIORS shine as usual. The bells ring deafeningly, followed by an audible sigh of relief from the unprepared.

L. of C. [*with hand to head*] The bells! Alas, how swiftly time doth fly!
Tomorrow Irving's "Life of Goldsmith" read.

Excuses class. *Exit* all rapidly toward other classrooms.

SCENE V: *On the gallery.*

Boarders in line, marching to lunch.

First Girl. I know full well what we will have to-day.
My nose doth not mistake, it's been well trained;
If sausage for our lunch does not appear
A heaping plate of fudge I'll make for you.

Second Girl. Forsooth I'm sure you're right, there is no doubt;
For is not this the regular sausage day?

First Girl. 'Tis truly so, I'll have no fudge to make.
But hist! If you a lot of butter slip
Then I will too, and we can make to-day
Some splendid candy. What say you to this?

Second Girl. Agreed! A feast we'll have. Is not that fun?
But hush! We do approach the dining-room;
If a maid hears, our plan all spoil will be.

SCENE VI: *In the Chapel.*

The period after lunch. HONORED PRINCIPAL taps bell, and all exit to classes.

SCENE VII: *French Classroom.*

Girls enter.

Mademoiselle. Bon jour! bon jour! I'm glad to see you, girls.

Girls. We're also glad to see you, Mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle. And now what iss your lesson for to-day?

Louise [*lispily*] We have sthome verbsth and sthentencesth to-day.

Mademoiselle. Dat's right, my child, you know your lessons well.

The verbs are heard, the sentences are read;
The period is up, the day is o'er.

The dream is ended, and methinks 'tis true
I've tried your patience long, I fear me so;
But then, perchance, you have been int'rested
To hear the dream we schoolgirls have each day.
Although so oft monotonous it seems,
We'll love it, and remember it for aye.

THE END

Alma Mater

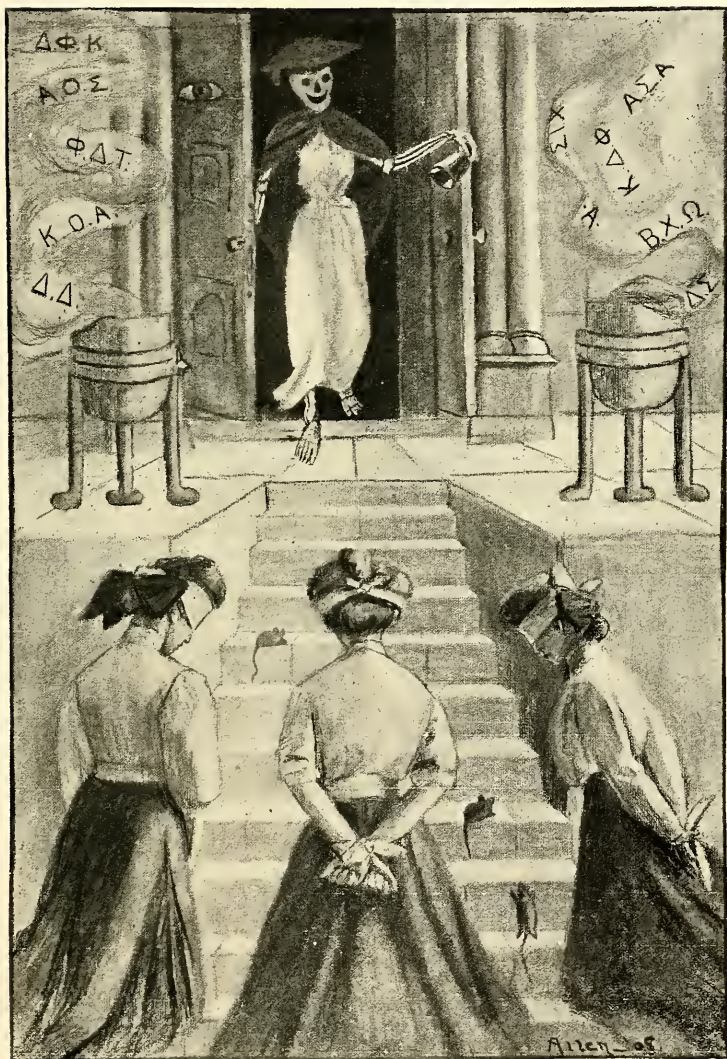
Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

Come all Ward's loyal daughters now
With hearts both gay and light,
And lift your voices in the praise
Of the glorious gold and white.
"All hail our Alma Mater," then
We'll sing with one accord,
"In Dixieland the fairest spot
Of all is dear old Ward."

But when our school days have an end
And we are far away,
We'll meet along the path of life
With many a weary day;
Then dreaming o'er the bygone years,
We'll strike a tender chord
When we turn the leaves of mem'ry back
To the days at dear old Ward!

—H.

SORORITIES







Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

Founded in 1894, Nashville, Tennessee

Flower: Violet

Colors: Light Blue and Purple

Yell:

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!

Mazette, Mazette!

Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!

Dum Vivimus Vivamus!

Officers

ANNE KINNARD	<i>Grand High Mogul</i>
JANE ECHOLS	<i>Vice-Regent</i>
BETHA TURNER	<i>Chartularia</i>
EMILY CRAIG	<i>Quæstor</i>

Roll of 1907-1908

VIRGINIA ABERCROMBIE	EUGENIA HUTTON
EDITH BAUMBERGER	MARGARET HOOD
EMILY CRAIG	ANNE KINNARD
ELEANOR CRUM	LOUISE MACGAVOCK
JANE ECHOLS	JESS PORTER
MILDRED GLASSELL	BETHA TURNER

Sorores in Urbe

MISS MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS
MISS MARGARET MACDONALD
MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD
MRS. J. E. GARNER
MRS. RICHARD DAKE











Delta Delta Fraternity

Alpha Chapter

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Beta Chapter

Founded 1903
WARD SEMINARY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Fratres in Urbe

MRS. JOHN THOMPSON, JR.	LOUISE LINDSAY
FLORENCE A. PETERSON	ETHEL CHAPPELL

Roll of 1908

ANN JENKINS	CLARE MILLER
ADA BRANSFORD DEAN	FLORENCE MOORE
MARGARET MOORE	ALICE HIBBETT
ELIZABETH WALTON	



Kappa Delta Phi
Beta Chapter



Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Phi Sorority

Nashville, Tennessee

Colors: Red and White

Flower: American Beauty

Roll of 1907-1908

THEO FOWLKES	JULIA ALLEN
LA VERNE BRUCE	RUTH AGRICOLA
POLLY SULLIVAN	DIXIE QUARRELS
ELIZABETH McDEARMON	MYRA WALKER
VALDA WESTMORELAND	NANCY WARDEN
INEZ SKILES	VIRGINIA PRICHARD
LEONORA MAYBERRY	BERTHA FOWLER
MARY VIRGINIA STEVENSON	

Alpha Chapter

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY, FOREST GLENN, MD.

Song:

When we march around in voice of gladsome sound,
Of Kappa's bond and fold—
We praise her loud and bold,
And shout hurrah, then hooray, for this shall be our song—
Sing praises to dear Kappa Delta forever,
Long may she live, and from us ne'er sever,
And we'll raise a proud flag that shall float e'er on high
Of Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta! Kappa Delta Phi.







The Argonauts

Founded February 23, 1903

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Iris

Motto: "Honor binds us"

Sorores ex Seminario

MARY GOFF PALMER	MRS. GEORGE FRAZER	
CARRIE DUNCAN HART	WILLOUISE SCRUGGS	
MRS. DOUGLAS WRIGHT	MRS. CHAS. M. GRANT	
ELIZABETH BUFORD	ANNA RUSSEL COLE	
MARTHA BUFORD	NELL FALL	MARTHA LIPSCOMB
MRS. LUKE LEA	SARAH BERRY	VALERY TRUDEAU
AMELIA MCLESTER	JULIA CHESTER	LAURA MALONE
KATHARINE HAMMOND	ELIZABETH JONES HAIL	MRS. GABRIEL CANNON
ELIZABETH MURRAY	JESSIE SMITH	MARY TILLMAN
MARY BROWN EVE	AGNESS AMIS	ADELE RAYMOND
ANNA BLANTON	MARY FRAZER	MARTHA DOUGLAS
CHRISTINE GLENN		ELIZABETH RODES
HARRIET MASON		LOUISE PRICHETT
MARY DEMOVIILE HILL	FRANCES MCLESTER	
MRS. K. WARD SMITH	HENRIETTE RICHARDSON	

Roll of 1907-1908

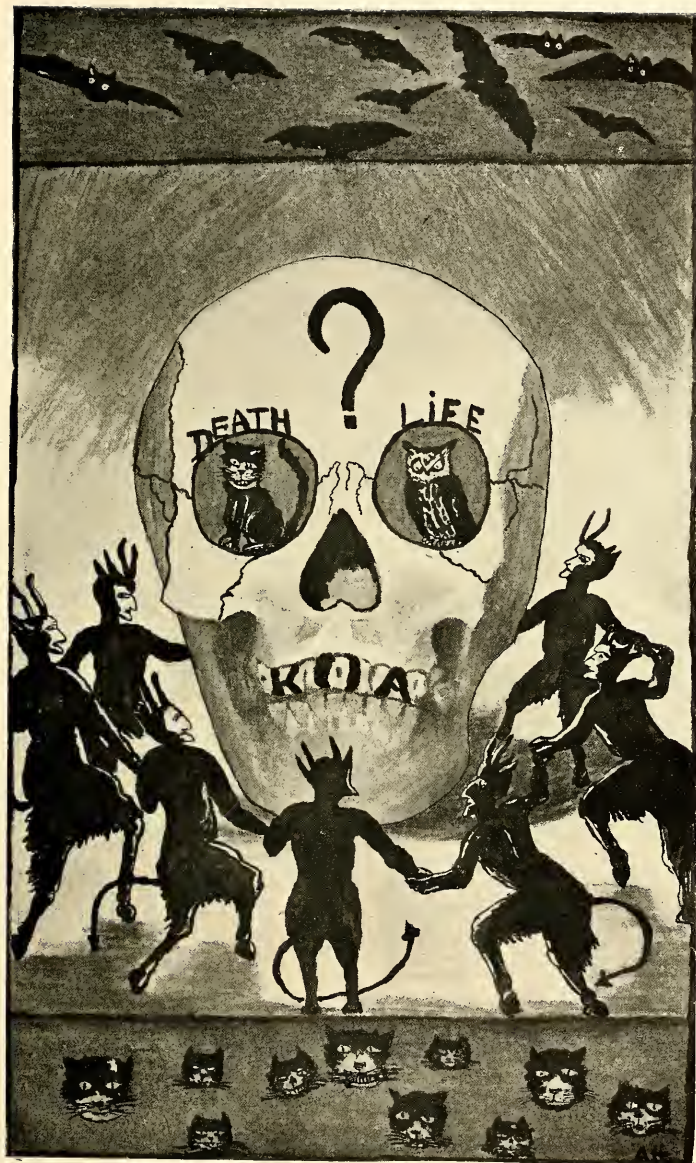
Class of 1907	Class of 1910
ANNIE GAYLE NORVELL	ELIZABETH GRAY
	EVA HAGEN
Class of 1908	FLORENCE RIDDLE
MARY LINDA MANIER	EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN
ANNIE BYRD WARD	OPHELIA PALMER
MARTHA TILLMAN	KATHERINE EDWARDS
	ELIZABETH OVERTON
Class of 1909	LUCY TILLMAN
NELLA PATTERSON	ELLEN WALLACE
EMMA MORROW ANDERSON	ELIZABETH ZARACOR
	ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Class of 1912

JEAN MORGAN







Kappa Omicron Alpha Sorority

Established 1904

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

Colors: Black and Gold

Officers

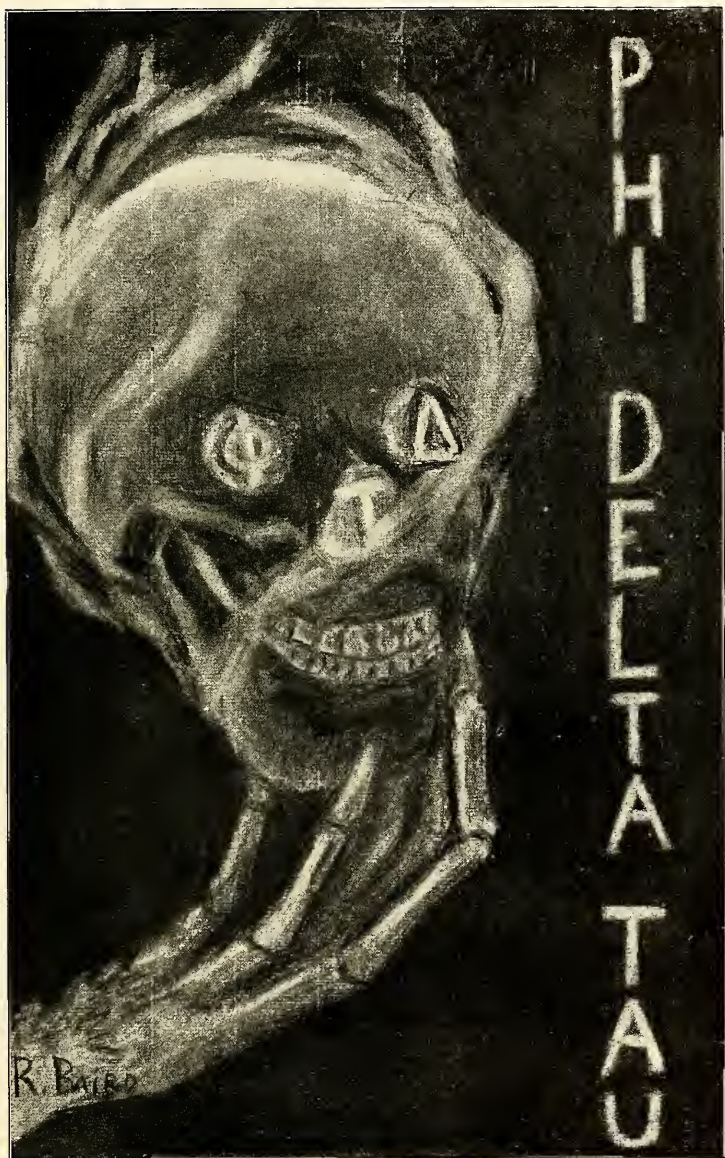
LUTIE BLACKWELL PATTON	<i>President</i>
MARGUERITE LEAR	<i>Vice-President</i>
BERTHA E. BUTLER	<i>Secretary</i>
IDA WALKER CAMPBELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

MARION GERARD ALEXANDER	Illinois
BERTHA E. BUTLER	Texas
JULIA DYER BEAL	Mississippi
IDA WALKER CAMPBELL	Mississippi
AUSSIE HANEY	Mississippi
JANEY MIMMS HARRIS	Mississippi
MARGUERITE ELIZABETH JONES	Pennsylvania
MARGUERITE LEAR	Mississippi
LUTIE BLACKWELL PATTON	Alabama
MYRTIS BROWNING WOODLEY	Mississippi
SUSIE HENDERSON WINSTEAD	Tennessee







Phi Delta Tau Sorority

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Officers

NELL NEUDORFER	<i>President</i>
LOIS MAY SMITH	<i>Vice-President</i>
CLARA MAE TAYLOR	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE TWEEDY	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll of 1907-1908

VANCE BOGLE
ALICE FELLOWS
REBECCA BAIRD
ANN BYNUM
LOIS MAY SMITH
KATHRYN GORDON
LAURIE WARD
LOUISE READ
EONE GABBERT
ALICE TWEEDY
KATE TANKERSLY
NELL NEUDORFER
CLARA MAE TAYLOR



LOIS SMITH



KATHRYN GORDON



ANNIE BYNUM



REBECCA BAIRD



NELL NEUDORFER



LAURIE WARD



ALICE FELLOWS



LEONE GABBIT



LOUISE READ



KATHERINE TANSLEY



VANCE BOGLE



CLARA MAI TAYLOR



ALICE TREEDY









Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma Alpha Fraternity

Nashville, Tennessee

Colors: Crimson and Silver

Flower: White Carnation

Officers

HAZELLE LANE	<i>President</i>
LEILA WILSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
IRIS FORD	<i>Business Secretary</i>
LADYE HOLLADAY	<i>Social Secretary</i>
NELLIE REDDISH	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll of 1907-1908

MARY FOREE	EDNA MCCALLEN
IRIS FORD	VIDA MCCALLEN
MARY BELL FARMER	KATHARYN PINKERTON
EDITH HAMM	NELLIE REDDISH
LADYE HOLLADAY	MADELINE ROLLWAGE
GARNETTE LYONS	NELL STALCUP
HAZELLE LANE	LEILA WILSON

Chapter Roll

<i>Alpha:</i>	State Normal School	Farmville, Va.
<i>Beta:</i>	Louisburg Seminary	Louisburg, W. Va.
<i>Gamma:</i>	Woman's College	Columbia, S. C.
<i>Delta:</i>	Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.
<i>Epsilon:</i>	Fanquire Institute	Waverton, Va.
<i>Zeta:</i>	Fairmont Seminary	Washington, D. C.
<i>Eta:</i>	Ward Seminary	Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Theta:</i>	Sweet Briar Institute	Virginia
<i>Iota:</i>	Chevy Chase	Washington, D. C.
<i>Kappa:</i>	East Radford	Virginia



MARIEINE ROLLINS

NELL TAYLOR

JOHN S. PARKER

LADY HOLLADAY

IRIS FORD

EDITH HARRIS

EDITH HARRIS

GEORGETTE LYONS

MARY FORET

NELL REDDICK

IRIS FORD

EDITH HARRIS

GEORGETTE LYONS

1908
ALPHA SIGMA ALPHA





A Toast

Here's to our sorority,
The best in all the land;
Here's to all her members
And here's to her council grand;
Here's to her every emblem,
And here's to the binding tie
That holds us for ever and ever
To Sigma Iota Chi.

Gamma Chapter of Sigma Iota Chi

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: Deus, libertas, lex

Chapter Roll

Alpha: St. James-Xavier, Alexandria, La.

Gamma: Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.

Delta: Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, O

Zeta: Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

Eta: National Cathedral School, Washington, D. C.

Theta: Potter College, Bowling Green, Ky.

Iota: Virginia College, Roanoke, Va.

Kappa: Campbell-Hageman, Lexington, Ky.

Chapter Roll

Graduate Student

MARGARET LINDSLEY WARNER

Class of 1908

LOUISE BENNETT

ZARA CHAPMAN

RACHEL HOWELL

MARIAN McTYEIRE

HELEN NELSON

MARY CORNELIA GIBSON

HELEN HUNT

LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE

MARY SPERRY

LOUISE MARIE STUBBLEFIELD

Class of 1909

PATTI CALHOUN

JANIE BARHAM

GEORGIE HUME

SARA PATTERSON

MILDRED PHELPS

NELLIE KING RIDDLE

JENNIE D. WORKE

Class of 1910

LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK

PORTIA SAVAGE

HENRIETTA SPERRY

VIRGINIA WOOLWINE

Class of 1911

LOUISE WITHERSPOON

Class of 1912

MARY THOMAS WARNER

MARGARET TROUSDALE







Beta Chi Omega Sorority

Nashville, Tennessee

Colors: Red and White

Flower: Red Carnation

Sorores in Urbe

LILLIE MAI BATES

GRACE FERGUERSON HAYES

HELEN DEAN CHAPPELL

Roll of 1907-1908

LUCILE EDWARDS ALLEN, '08

MARINETTE BEASLEY, '09

FRANCES BOND, '10

HELEN DEAN CHAPPELL, '07

DOROTHY CRIDDLE, '09

WILLIE RUTH DAVIDSON, '09

EUNICE FITE DUNBAR, '10

SARAH JANE GOODPASTURE, '08

JESSIE FLORENCE HEARN, '09

SARAH ANN HERBERT, '10

LAURA MCBRIDE, '08

ANNETTE GRAHAM NELSON, '09

MARGARET ELENOR POTTS, '10

NANCEY HUGHES SEAWRIGHT, '09

FLAVIA WIGGINS, '08

HELEN OLIVE WIGGINS, '08



Alpha Chapter



FLAVIA HIGGINS



MARGARET BEASLEY



NANCY H. SHUMWAY



ELEANOR M. POTTS



JESSIE F. PEARY



ANNETTE G. NELSON



OLIVE HIGGINS



HELEN CHAPPELL



LUCILE E. ALLEN



WILLIE R. DAVIDSON



DOROTHY CRIDDLE



SARAH J. GOODPASTOR



LAURA MCBRIDE



SARAH A. HERBERT

Beta Chi

Omega





Alpha Theta Sigma Sorority

Flower: Yellow Jasmine

Colors: Olive and Gold

Motto: αὔται κρίνονται οὐ ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀριθμοῦ ἀλλὰ ὑπὸ τοῦ εἴνου

Yell:

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Olive and Gold!

Alpha Theta Sigma!

Nine! — All told!!

Officers of 1907-1908

MARY HENDERSON	<i>President</i>
ORMIE THOMPSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAZEL THOMPSON	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCILE ATKINS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll of 1907-1908

MIRIAM RIVERS ATKINS
RUTH LUCILE ATKINS
MILDRED COMSTOCK
DOROTHY ARNOLD CARSON
TOMMY LOUISE RINGO
MARGARET STREET
MARY ELIZABETH HENDERSON
ORMIE KATHARINE THOMPSON
HAZEL ABIGAILE THOMPSON

Soror in Urbe

MARGRETTA ALLEN



MARY HENDERSON



RUTH ATKINS



MIRIAM ATKINS



TOMMIE RINGO



HAZEL THOMPSON



ORMIE THOMPSON



MILDRED COMSTOCK



DOROTHY CARSON



MARGARET STREET

ΑΘΣ

ALPHA THETA SIGMA

1908

Calver Press



Delta Phi Kappa Sorority

Nashville, Tennessee

Colors: Blue and Gold

Flower: Forget-Me-Not

Motto: "Do unto others as you would be done by"

Sorores in Urbe

ROSALIE LITTERER

ELIZABETH CREIGHTON

MARY LEE HANDLEY

VIVIAN MAYO

JESSIE MAI JOURNEY

KATHERINE STREET

LOUISE DUDLEY

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

MRS. W. A. DONALSON

Roll of 1908

GEORGIE BRENNECKE

WILLIE NAPIER

REBECCA DUDLEY

MARY PATTERSON

MARIAN HENDERSON

MARY RANSOM

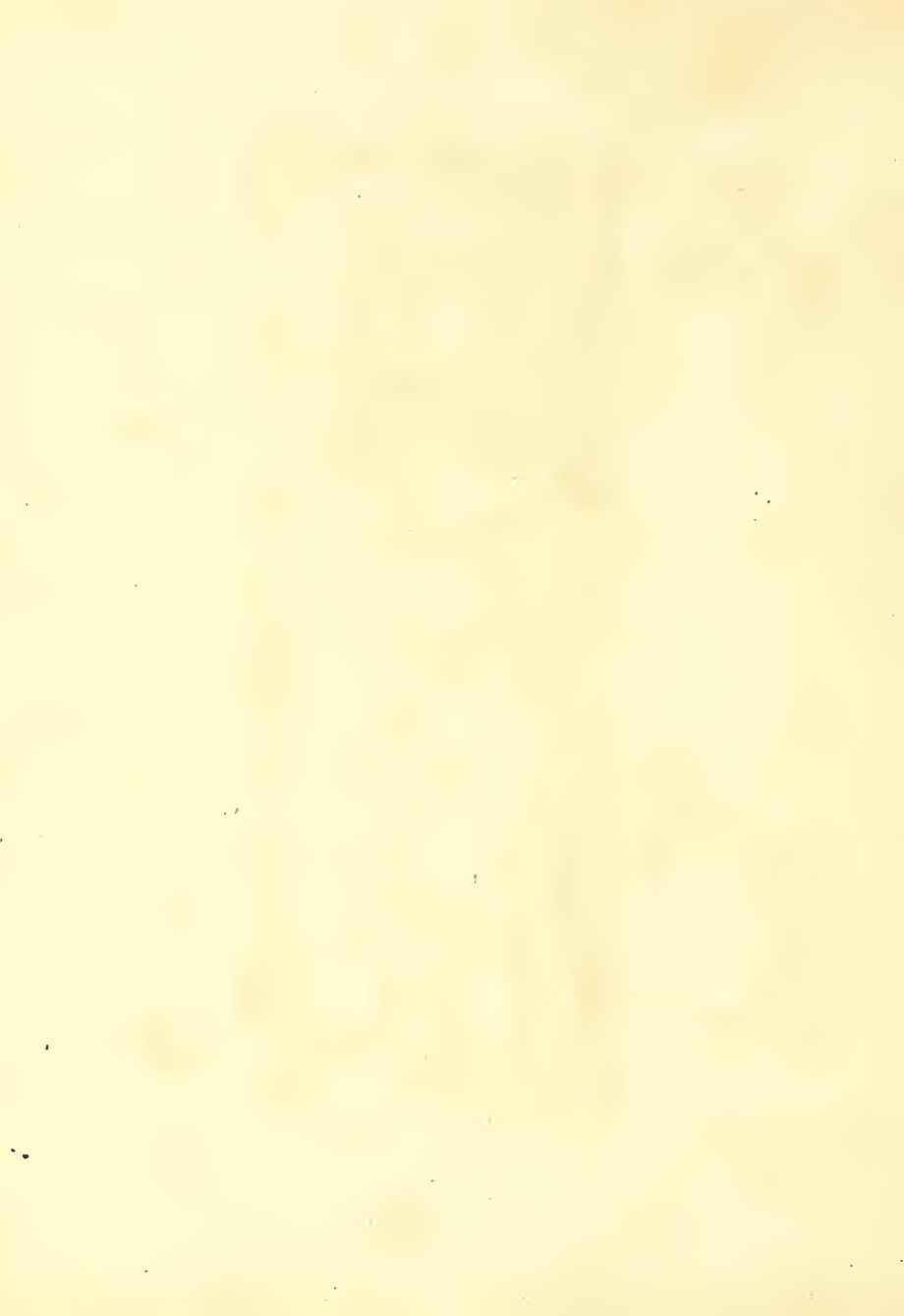
MYRTLE KELLY

MARIE ROUZER

WILHELMINA LITTERER

JANIE SCHARDT

MARTHA WEATHERLY



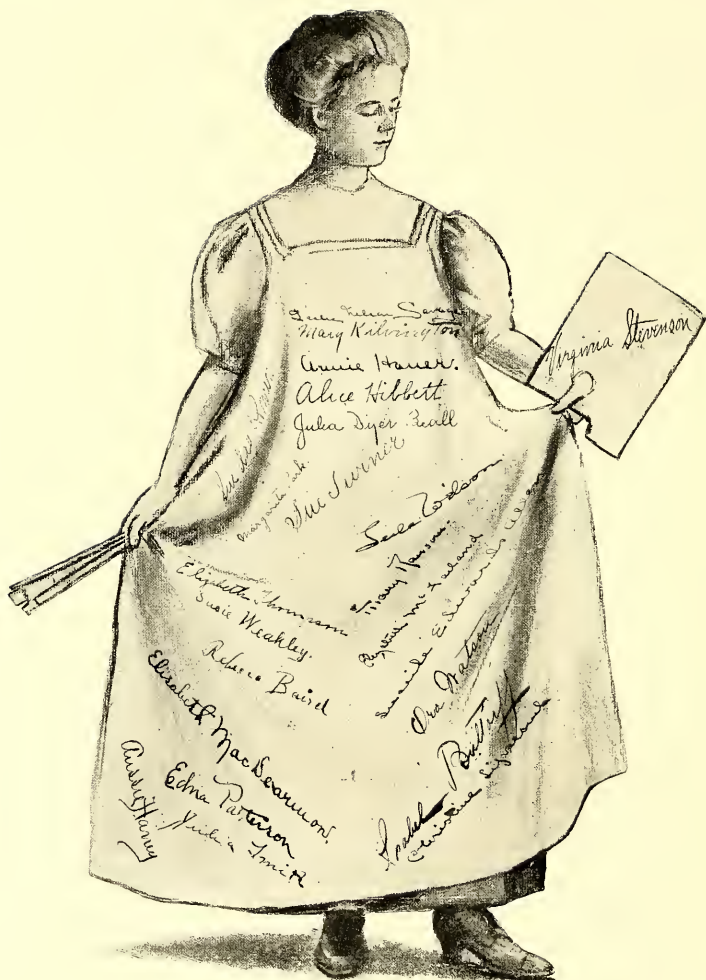




Clubs



Ad.



Illustrators

Art Club

Officers

REBECCA BAIRD	<i>President</i>
CHRISTINE LIPSCOMB	<i>Vice-President</i>

Members

LUCEILE EDWARDS ALLEN	ELIZABETH MCDARMON
EMMA VAUGHN ALLISON	ELIZABETH MCFARLAND
REBECCA BAIRD	MARGARITA PARK
JULIA DYER BEALL	EDNA PATTERSON
ISABEL BUTTORFF	MARY RANSOM
LOUISE CANNON	FLORENCE CARR RIDDLE
GUSSIE LOUISE DODD	LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE
LUCILE GRIGSBY	JULIA SMITH
ANNIE HANER	MARY VIRGINIA STEVENSON
AUSSIE HANEY	ELIZABETH THOMPSON
ALICE COKE HIBBETT	SUE TURNER
MARY BRAMLETTE HOLLINS	ORA WATSON
SUE DAY HOLMES	ELLEN BARBOUR WALLACE
MARY KILVINGTON	ELIZABETH WALTON
GLADYS LINDSAY	MYRA WALKER
CHRISTINE LIPSCOMB	SUSIE WEAKLEY
MARY BELLE MEADOWS	LEILA WILSON

SUSIE WINSTEAD

School of Expression

MARY FLETCHER COX

Director

Members

BESSIE ANDERSON

JULIA BEAL

BERTHA BUTLER

KATHARINE EDWARDS

MARY BELLE FARMER

THEO FOWLKES

ORMIE THOMPSON

LINDA HARRIS

HAZEL HAWKINS

LADY HOLLADAY

MATTIE LEE HUDGENS

JULIA HUMPHRIES

NETTIE KENNON

LETA McNABB

LOUISE MacGAVOCK

PAULA SCHWERDTMANN

INEZ SKILES

KATE TANKERSLEY

TUCHIE VAUGHN

MARION WICKS

NANCY WARDEN

Y.W.C.A.

Officers

HELEN A. WRIGHT
PRESIDENT

ANNIE BYRD WARD
VICE-PRESIDENT

MARGARET MOORE
SECRETARY

JENNIE ALEXANDER
TREASURER

Chairmen of Committees

ANNIE BYRD WARD
MEMBERSHIP

JENNIE ALEXANDER
FINANCE

IRIS FORD
DEVOTIONAL

HAZEL HAWKINS
MISSIONARY

CHRISTINE CARMACK
BIBLE STUDY

MARGARET MOORE
INTERCOLLEGIATE

MYRTLE MILLER
MUSIC



The Eclectic Review Club

Officers

HAZELLE LANE	<i>President</i>
ZARA CHAPMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIE ROUZER	<i>Secretary</i>
RACHEL HOWELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

JENNIE ALEXANDER	ANNIE GAYLE NORVELL
IDA CAMPBELL	LIDA OMOHUNDRO
ZARA CHAPMAN	LUTIE PATTON
CHRISTINE CARMACK	MARIE ROUZER
EMILY CRAIG	NELSON SAVAGE
IRIS FORD	LOIS SMITH
EDITH HAMM	LOUISE STUBBLEFIELD
RACHEL HOWELL	ANNIE BYRD WARD
ANNE JENKINS	MARGARET WARNER
HAZELLE LANE	LEILA WILSON
MARY LINDA MANIER	HELEN WRIGHT
HELEN NELSON	WILLIE NAPIER
	BIRDIE MORAGNE

Athletics





Basketball Teams

1908

"Varsity"

LEILA WILSON (Captain)	Center
EDNA PATTERSON	First Forward
HAZELLE LANE	Second Forward
LILLY HOUSE	Right Guard
JULIA BEALL	Left Guard

"Victors"

MARGARET MOORE	Center
INEZ SKILES	First Forward
ELIZABETH McDEARMON (Captain)	Second Forward
VIRGINIA PRICHARD	Right Guard
MARGARETTE BARNETTE	Left Guard

Oupla, oupla, oupla, erry,
We are the girls from Ward Seminary.
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,
Ward's!

Ward's! Ward's!
Is our cry:
V-i-c-t-o-r-y.

We're loyal to you, old Ward, we're loyal;
We're yellow and white, old Ward, we're loyal;
We'll back you to stand
'Gainst the best in the land
For we know you have sand,
Dear Ward we're with you;
So toss in that ball, old Ward, we're with you,
We're backing you all old Ward, we're with you.
Our team is our "Fame Protector."
On girls, for we expect
A victory for dear old Ward.





TENNIS.

Officers

LILLY HOUSE, *President*
MARGARET MOORE, *Vice-President*
HAZEL THOMPSON, *Secretary*
LEILA WILSON, *Treasurer*

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MARGARETTE BARNETTE
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JANE ECHOLS
LUCILE GRIGSBY
AUSSIE HANEY
LILLY HOUSE
BELLE KLAUS
MARGUERITE LEAR
STELLA LEETH
MARGARET MOORE
FLORENCE MOORE
EMMA MCCABE
NELL NEUDORFER
MADELINE ROLLWAGE
LOIS SMITH
MARGARETTE STREET
HAZEL THOMPSON
ORMIE THOMPSON
BESSIE FRANK WHITE
LEILA WILSON



Tennessee Club

Colors: Red and White

Flower: American Beauty Rose

Motto: "Honor to our State"

Officers

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NELL COLEMAN	ALICE HIBBETT	LOUISE READ
BERTHA ENSOR	ELVA PEARL HILL	NANCY WARDEN
CHRISTINE CARMARK	MARY HOLLINS	SWANN WILLIAMS
JANIE FARNSWORTH	LILLY HOUSE	HALLIE TURNER
MARIE FARNSWORTH	BESSIE LOU KING	MARTHA TURNER
MARY BELLE FARMER	ANNIE E. KINNARD	BESSIE FRANK WHITE
	NELL LONG	



Louisiana Club

Colors: Olive and White

Flower: Magnolia

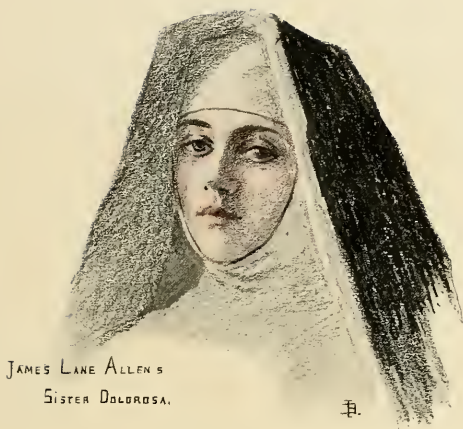
Motto: "Nos efforts pour la gloire de notre Stat"

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LOIS SMITH	Vice-President
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DOROTHY CARSON	Treasurer

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BERTHA BURKE	ANNIE PREAUS
DOROTHY CARSON	LOIS SMITH
DELLA FISHER	HAZEL THOMPSON
ELVIE FISHER	ORMIE THOMPSON



JAMES LANE ALLEN'S
SISTER DOLOROSA.

Kentucky Club

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

Motto:

"United we stand,
Divided we fall"

Officers

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ADA DEAN	RUBY ROBERTSON
MARY FOREE	ETHEL SIEGLER
GARNETTE LYONS	MARY TAYLOR
SADIE MIMMS	ELIZABETH WALTON
JESSIE PORTER	ORA WATSON

LOUISE WICKLIFFE

Alabama Club

Colors: Crimson and White

Flower: Cotton Blossom

Yell:

Roc-a-toc-toc!

Sis-a-boom! Bah!

Alabama! Alabama!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Officers

ALICE TWEEDY . . . *President*

LUTIE PATTON . *Vice-President*

EMMA McCABE . . . *Secretary*

VIRGINIA ABERCROMBIE,
Treasurer



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JULIA NEVILLE, Trinity

LUTIE PATTON, Florence

MARGARETTE STREET, Guntersville

MARY JULIA STREET, Guntersville

ALICE TWEEDY, Florence



Arkansas Club

Colors: Red and White

Flower: Apple Blossom

Motto: "Regnant Populi"

Yell:

Rickety-ged! Rickety-ged!
Arkansas, White and Red.
Loot her, root her, she's first rate,
Arkansas, The Black Bear State!

Officers

MADELEINE ROLLWAGE	Governor
MARY VIRGINIA STEVENSON	Lieutenant-Governor
MARTHA JACKSON	Secretary of State
STELLA BALL	State Treasurer
JENNIE ALEXANDER	State Auditor
MARY BELLE MEADOWS	Attorney-General

Missouri Club

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Flower: Wild Rose

Motto: "Seeing is believing"



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MARGARET MOORE
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FLORENCE MOORE
NELLIE REDDISH
LADYE HOLLADAY
PAULA SCHWERDTMANN



Mississippi Club

Colors: White and Gold

Flower: Magnolia

Motto: "Honor to us"

Officers

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MARGARITE LEAR . . . Yazoo City	
VIRGINIA PRICHARD . . . Lotus	
IRIS FORD . . . Columbus	
JULIA HUMPHRIES . . . Durant	



Texas Club

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Blue Bonnet

Motto: "Than which there is nothing
greater on earth"

Officers

VALDA WESTMORELAND, *President*

INEZ SKILES, *Secretary*

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ROBERTA WEATHERFORD, Weatherford

VALDA WESTMORELAND, Eagle Lake

MARIAN WICKS, Houston



UNCLE SAM'S
MISS COLUMBIA.

United States Club

Colors: Red, White and Blue

Flower: Goldenrod

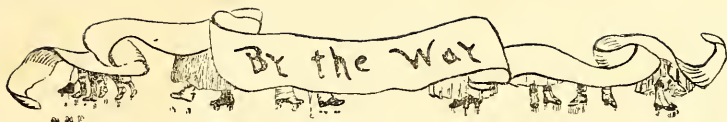
Motto: "E pluribus unum"

Officers

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HAZEL HAWKINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
TUCHIE VAUGHN	<i>Secretary</i>
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MARGUERITE JONES	Pennsylvania
ZOE MILLER	Wyoming
NELL STALCUP	Indian Territory
TUCHIE VAUGHN	North Carolina
DOROTHY CRIDDLE	Colorado



The Barn Dance

A MOST fearful malady has broken out at Ward's during the past week, and evidently in its most contagious form. The manner of its coming was extremely sudden. It seems to have been contracted through one of the day pupils, at recess on a certain Monday, and before night the ravages of this fearful disease had swept our midst. It is extremely contagious, and no one seems to have escaped (with the possible exception of Miss MacDonald). The symptoms are most noticeable after dinner (in the gym; and frequently after light-bell, on the roof-garden, and even some spirits rendered daring, by this disease, trespass on Miss Jennings' tennis court).

It is not detectable on the faces of the victims, except for a ruddy complexion and a rather peculiar look in the eyes, but the feet move in a constant rythm to "one, two, three, four." The girls are too much affected by this disease to take their daily walks, and Miss MacDonald even feared they might not restrain themselves on the way to church; but yesterday the danger was averted and by next year another fad will have succeeded the now ever-popular Barn Dance.

"The Time, the Place, and the Girl"

Time: Second Period

Place: Literature Classroom

Girl: Miss Ross

Miss Ross: "Young ladies, I failed to call the roll yesterday, so please answer this morning for both days."

(Begins): "Miss Alexander?"

MISS ALEXANDER: "Present."

Miss Ross: "Miss Anderson?"

MISS ANDERSON: "Present."

Miss Ross: "Miss Allen?"

MISS ALLEN: "Absent."

Miss Ross (absentmindedly): "Yesterday or to-day?"

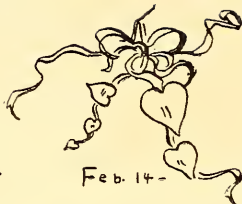
SCRAPS FROM A MEMORY BOOK

Oct. 31 / 1904.



Reception to the New girls
Given by Faculty.
September 24 -

Turner Art Exhibit
Nov 19th, 20th, + 21st



Feb. 14 -

Maeve Adams in PETER PAN
Nov. 22 -

Kubelik Feb. 14 -

Calve Jan. 17 -



Oct. 22 -

Shakespeare Plays -

Hamlet -

Macbeth -

King Lear -

Jan -



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Dr. Jones Lectures.

April 20th 24th 31st



Podereuski

March. 25th

Nov. 27 -

Washington Birthday Dance

Vincent Lectures.

April. 19th 20th 17th

Feb. 22 -

Vanderbilt Glee Club

April 9

Myrtle Evelyn

Feb. 29 -

Basket Ball Games

March -



THE WEATHER

FAIR or cloudy, according to whether the sun shines or not.

The Ward Weakly

THIS PAPER
SELLS FOR
CASH ONLY

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF WARD'S FOR P. E. A. C. H. E. S.

VOL. 6 CU. FT.

NASHINGTON, TENNISIPII, FEBRUARY 30, 1908.

No. 23

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT YESTERDAY ACCIDENTALLY SHOT AND KILLED

To everybody's surprise and gratification, a large bear of the *genus grizzly* species. It is not known as yet whether the President intended to kill poor Bruin or not, but from a statement of the guide (made especially to a reporter of the **WARD WEAKLY**) the cause of the animal's death was an accidental discharge of the President's gun as he was hastening away to give Bruin the right of way through Teddybear Forest. Long jive Teddy, and may he kill many bears!

NIAGARA FALLS.

Miss Niagara Fisher, while playfully engaged in a little game of hide and seek on the roof of Ward's Select School for P. E. A. C. H. E. S., suddenly losing her footing, and incidentally her presence of mind, fell through the skylight of said roof into the room of the instructress of Sanscrit. When interviewed by a reporter from the **WARD WEAKLY**, Miss Fisher stated that beyond a very severe shock to her entire system, and to several pictures on the walls of the room, she was feeling perfectly well. Her almost miraculous escape is accounted for by the intervention of a particularly comfortable feather-bed between herself and the floor of Mamzell's boudoir.

Miss Fisher stated further that she regarded the fall more as a Godsend than anything else, as on its account she was enabled to skip two entire classes in Bible Study.

WARD'S SELECT SCHOOL FOR P. E. A. C. H. E. S. QUARANTINED

GREAT EXCITEMENT OVER UN-
USUAL OCCURRENCE.

To Nashington's extreme horror and consternation Ward's Select School for P. E. A. C. H. E. S. has been quarantined for an indefinite period of three weeks. The reason for this (as given exclusively to a reporter from the **WARD WEAKLY**) is that upon investigation Drs. Quack and Blow found smallpox in all the dictionaries of said institution.

While we feel that no especial harm will

result from such an epidemic in the heart of Nashington, still we take it upon ourselves to hereby warn all persons, citizens of this town or of other towns, especially the young men, to avoid this portion of above city.

It is hoped by us and us's friends that the quarantine will soon be removed, and we express the further hope that no one else will be so inconsiderate as to find smallpox in any other book whatsoever.

PRIZE CONTEST. GREAT OFFER.

For the benefit of our numerous and esteemed subscribers, we herewith wish to submit to them a Prize Contest. Printed below may be found a bit of verse, the last words of each line of which are omitted. To each person who correctly supplies the missing words, the **WARD WEAKLY** will give seven (7) free trips to the Carnegie Library. These trips will cost the winners *absolutely nothing*—everything being paid in full by the **WARD WEAKLY**. Thoroughly instructed guides will be furnished the party, and all expenses—transportation, tips, etc.—will be settled by our popular **WEAKLY**.

The conditions are as follows. They must be carefully observed and carried out to the letter by those who wish to compete, so read them *carefully* and pay strict attention to them.

(1) Only unmarried young ladies under the age of thirty-seven will be eligible.

(2) Contestants will please refrain from sending their names or any other mark of identification with their replies. The only identification necessary to the **WEAKLY** will be the handwriting.

(3) All answers submitted should be accompanied by a ten-cent stamp, so that they may be returned by special delivery.

When the above conditions have been successfully mastered, the contestant should then turn his attention to the solving of the enigma. It will be observed that there are four words missing in the poem. In order that the contest may not seem too hard, we will say that two of these words (the second and fourth) both rhyme with the same word; i. e., Joe, while the first one sounds very similar to Sam. The third word rhymes with Kent. Now get your brains to work. Here is the poem:

Mary had a little _____,
His fleece was white as _____;
And everywhere that Mary _____,
The lamb was sure to _____.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF LECTURES SOON TO BE DELIVERED

BY PROF. V. A. PRITCHITT, THE
NOTED WOMEN'S RIGHTS
CHAMPION.

To the intense gratification of the people of Nashington, it is learned that the celebrated Prof. V. A. Pritchitt will lecture here some time in the near future. Prof. Pritchitt hails from Virginia, and is one of the most prominent Women's Rights spiliers in America. Prof. Pritchitt comes to Nashington at the earnest solicitation of the Humane Society of that city and will endeavor to suppress the growing and ever-increasing evil of the "designing leap year girl." The young men of Nashington are in very grave and serious danger, owing to this unfortunate season, and Prof. Pritchitt will endeavor to save them from their unhappy fate.

Prof. Pritchitt will deliver a series of five lectures, the subjects of which have been given exclusively to the **WEAKLY**. These lectures will be given at the State Capitol, and will be as follows:

- (1) "How to Dress a Chicken on Sixty per Month."
- (2) "How to Use Sunday's Roast Beef for Monday's Hash."
- (3) "How to Use Monday's Hash for Tuesday's Soup."
- (4) "How to Select the Proper Kind of Shoe for Your Horse."
- (5) "The Female Cook or the Queen of the Kitchen."

These lectures are supposed to be very instructive and helpful, and a large attendance is hoped for to each one.

N. B.—Prof. Pritchitt's lectures will be illustrated by songs and moving pictures.

BEN HIM

DENVOME THEATRE

September 31, 1908

MR. BEN HIM, the Tragic Comedian,
will appear at the above theatre
on the above date, in

"She Stoops to Tie Her
Shoe-Lace"

The Ward Weakly

A publication devoted to the interests of
Ward's Select School for

P. E. A. C. H. E. S.

Editor: Miss GRANTLAND GRITS.

Assistant: Miss WILHELMINA A. JONES

Business Manager: Miss WILHELMINA A. JONES.

Assistant: Miss GRANTLAND GRITS.

Advertising Manager: Miss G. GRITS.

Soliciting Agent: Miss W. A. JONES.

Society Editor: Miss W. A. JONES.

Sporting Editor: Miss G. GRITS.

Day Reporters: Miss G. GRITS, Miss W. A. JONES.

Night Reporters: Miss W. A. JONES, Miss G. GRITS.

EDITORIAL.

We wish to state in this *our* first attempt in some time that we are not responsible for anything *our* readers may not like in *our* paper. If anything is the matter with this, *our* best effort, we here wish to say that it was not *our* fault, but that the printer was to blame. With this message we beg to conclude.

Yours,

THE STAFF.

For the benefit of those persons who are constantly sending in queries to us, the Staff of the WARD WEAKLY, as regards the meaning to be attached to the initials Ward's Select School for P. E. A. C. H. E. S., we here print in full the name of that institution: "Ward's Select School for Private Education Assisting Culinary Helpers and Expert Seamstresses."

Yours, again,

THE STAFF.

LADIES!

We Die For You

SPANISH DYING CO.

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SOCIETY

Notice is hereby given of the capture of Mr. Gus Highkollar by Miss Fluphy Antique Ruphels. The wedding will take place soon, in early December. Gus is a real sweet young fellow, and Fluphy, who is a member of the local chapter of Sigma Eta Pi Sorority, deserves a great deal of credit for landing him.

Mrs. and Mr. Hennepque, the former an old Ward girl, have returned from their six months' honeymoon. Mrs. H. states that everything was just too lovely for anything, but Mr. H. says, confidentially of course, that he wishes he were single again.

An informal dance was given last Friday evening by the Beta Eta Pickle Sorority of Ward's S. S. for P. E. A. C. H. E. S. at their beautiful new chapter-house on Kayne Avenue. About thirty young people enjoyed this delightful dance and the delicious refreshments served afterwards. The affair was very charmingly chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

"HUMOROUS, AND OTHERWISE."

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
weep and you do not smile.

What is it you sit in, eat out of, and wash your teeth with?

A chair, a dish, and a toothbrush.

Mary got a little lam,

The lam was from a mule—

So long, Mary.

A.—"Have you a fine-tooth comb in your suit-case?"

B.—"No, but I have a fine toothbrush."

If you want to see a girl get really mad, just ask her about something that occurred twenty years ago.

What have you got in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?

Nothing but bananas, ma'am.

FIRST COLLEGE STUDENT: "Say, Bill, how do you spell 'receive'?"

SECOND COLLEGE STUDENT: "R-e-c-e-i-v-e."

FIRST C. S.: "Thanks, that's the way I had it." (A moment later): "Lend me your ink eraser, will you, please?"

FOND MOTHER (to Margaret, who is crying lustily): "Oh, you precious darling, whereabouts is the pain?"

MARGARET (aged three): "Right here, mamma, in de front of me back. Boo-hool!"

CUSTOMER: "Are these phonographs worth the money?"

DEALER: "You don't have to take my word for it, they speak for themselves."

I can't imagine why it is,

I surely cannot tell,

But every time I try to rhyme

It really sounds like —; no, that won't do.

And then again in rhythmic strain,

I try to spin a yarn;

But people that are listening

Don't seem to give a —; no, that won't do.

So now I guess I'll give it up,

And go to a climate cool;

There turn again to simple prose

Before I'm called a —; no, that won't do either.

FASHION NOTES.

Belts this summer are being worn smaller than those of last season.

Coming into style now is what is known as the "Marcel Wave," a new kind of walk, corresponding to a certain degree to its predecessor, the "Kangaroo Wave."

Gloves will be worn this season—that is, on the hands—and the usual sizes will predominate.

The prevailing mode in shoes during the summer will be, not shoes at all, but slippers. Small sizes will be worn by persons possessing small feet. It is estimated that few small sizes will be sold in Nashington.

MOST MUNIFICENT OFFER.

In order to increase the sale of the WARD WEAKLY for this month, it is hereby announced that with each subscription for the WARD WEAKLY for the month of June, will be given a free trip to the famous and much noted Glendale Park. Apply for subscriptions at once.

N.B.—On these trips, the guests of the WARD WEAKLY are absolutely required only to furnish their street-car fare.

A little boy was told by his mother that he was made of earth. "Well, mother," said the little chap, "if I'm made of dirt, why don't I get muddy when it rains?" Anyone failing to see point of above, immediately call Main, 191.

This dear Iris doth remind us
That our job was not a cinch;
We hope that those we leave behind us
Won't get into such a pinch.



"Why! the nasty old thing won't burn! It must be wet!"



THE END



ADVERTISE
IN THE
IRIS

ADVERTISE
IN THE
IRIS

Features
Tomorrow

Find
Out"

Buy New Thing at Waller's
for the day of 1914-15.

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morra.

as \$25,000 Damages
Saturn. Mars. G.C.
arion.

Hotel Clerk."

See "Home" Page.

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the Big SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW.

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Walk Out"

ets

your chewing gum
is drops of pungent
id never why you
leaved if you buy a
bould your druggist
a dime for a sample

San Francisco, H. A. A.

Meaning of
Sweets

from the words
sweets are a word
which is used
to describe
the quality
of the food
which is sweet
and pleasant
to the taste.

ates

THE IRIS

The Woman's College of Baltimore



JOHN FRANKLIN GOUCHER
PRESIDENT

*Session of 1908-09 Will Begin
September 28*

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*Under the Direction of the College Entrance Examination Board,
at Many Points, June 15th to 20th*

Fall Examinations

At the College only—September 21st to 26th



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furnishing your home with the most modern
conveniences, with which you can lighten
house-work and economize in finance by
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AND GRATES, CHINA, CUT GLASS
CUTLERY, ETC.

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for value received, every one of them will
recommend us.

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coming to see, were there no other attractions.
The walls and ceiling of mirrors, the woodwork
of polished bird's eye maple. On the shelves are
displayed Cut Glass, Vases, Placques, Ivories,
etc. But were there no Art Room, would you
not wish to see our beautiful display of Haviland,
Dresden, Royal Doulton, Poyant, Hohenzollern
and other table chinas? We ask that you and your
friends pay us a visit—not to buy, but to look.

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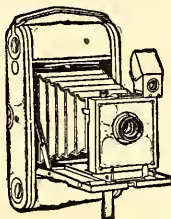
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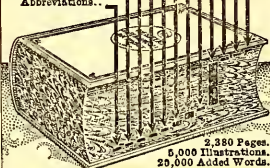
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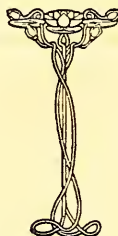
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